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### CHARTISTS AND RED REPUBLICANS.

THE disorderly mob which collected the other day on Primrose Hill may serve to satisfy optimists that we have not yet arrived at a political millennium. The triumph of the rabble over the liberties of England is yet apparently remote; but as long as Chartist doctrines find favour with the artisans of great towns, it is impossible to forget that freedom depends on the political supremacy of the upper and middle classes. The Red Republicans have succeeded in establishing military despotism, as a security against their menaces, from one end of the Continent to the other; and it is with perfect consistency that they make a demonstration against that English Constitution which alone permits the free utterance of their opinions. If demagogues were disposed to listen to reason, it might be worth while to protest against the interference of foreign refugees in schemes for regenerating our domestic institutions. The sallow and bearded malcontents who paraded the streets of London with outlandish inscriptions on their flags, must have forgotten that they were denouncing a Government which would exhaust all the resources of the nation before it would allow a hair of their heads to be touched. *Es lebe die demokratische und sociale Republik.* By all means, let it live in Germany, if it can find room to breathe; but why should it proclaim its aspirations in Lincoln's Inn Fields? Continental despots complain of the liberal sympathies of Englishmen; but the charge would soon cease to be true if their exiled subjects habitually took a part in our native controversies.

The members of the foreign secret societies were probably the only persons in the assembled crowd who were conscious of any political theory whatever. It is easy to collect a mob from a population of two millions and a half; and unfortunately it is always possible for preachers of discontent to find an audience. Some reports estimate the gathering on Primrose Hill at the number of ten thousand; whilst the orator of the day, judiciously including all the involuntary spectators of the procession, boldly asserted that a million of the inhabitants of London had taken a part in the demonstration. The active portion of the meeting did its utmost to justify the exclusive system which it was their professed object to denounce. The reporters, as the only respectable persons present, were hustled and driven out of the ring; and, in the absence of their natural enemies, the patriots amused themselves with assaulting each other. If the speeches and the address to the martyr FROST were really delivered, they can scarcely have been heard, for the promoters of the meeting could exercise no influence over their followers. They had done their utmost in raising funds from their dupes to provide a few banners, a large number of placards, and the amusingly aristocratic luxury of a carriage with four grey horses. If it is true that the pickpockets of London were present in force, it would seem that the criminal population must be remarkable for disinterested enthusiasm. There must be two parties to a theft, and it is difficult to conjecture the victims of robbery. The Committee were out of reach in their gorgeous barouche, and the experienced newspaper reporters probably left their handkerchiefs at home.

If the nature of the occasion had been distinctly understood, the convict class might have taken an almost exclusive interest in the proceedings of the day. Although a very insignificant person in himself, FROST might serve as a curious illustration of that scrupulous technicality which has done so much for the safety of English criminals. His crime was one of those which no conceivable Government could tolerate or forgive. A vain and dangerous brawler, he had excited the ignorant miners of the Monmouthshire hills, until they compelled him to place himself at their head for

the redress of their imaginary wrongs. The pitmen of the Welsh ironworks are fierce and obstinate when they are provoked, and they were totally incapable of understanding either the character of the Government which was held up to their animosity, or the resources at their own disposal. The magistrates of Newport, and the detachment quartered at the barracks were, in their eyes, the representatives of authority and of public force. FROST himself was in the commission of the peace, and he had held the office of Mayor of Newport. Although the leader of an armed insurrection, he had no reason to expect any co-operation from other parts of the kingdom, nor does it appear that he had projected any definite plan. Blindly, and influenced probably by personal terror, he led his deluded followers to the attack of the town. The firmness of Sir THOMAS PHILLIPS, and the discipline of a handful of soldiers, fortunately suppressed the riot at its first outbreak; but twenty lives were sacrificed in the wanton attempt. Several of the criminals incurred heavy penal sentences, and the educated leader of the insurgents was most justly condemned to death; yet Mr. ERNEST JONES is not ashamed to hold up this wretched malefactor to the admiration of those whom he calls the people of England.

The subsequent history of the convict is highly characteristic of the tyranny which Chartists desire to overthrow. The guilt of FROST and the other ringleaders was undoubted, but he had the good fortune to secure as his defenders, two of the ablest advocates then at the bar. Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK and Sir FITZROY KELLY knew that it was useless to dispute the facts; but in sifting the proceedings, they found that an apparent irregularity had been committed in the preparation of a certain document which was technically necessary in the conduct of the trial. Although it could not be pretended that the prisoner had suffered any damage from a clerical error in some superfluous parchment, the law of England pays no regard to consequences, and entertains a predilection for minute formalities. The question was argued at great length, and with consummate ability; but for once, the blot which had been discovered was too small to be recognised even by the microscopic eye of justice. The Judges of the Special Commission unanimously determined that the objection was untenable, and that the law must take its course. Nevertheless, the doubt which had been suggested saved the life of the criminal. The Government and the nation were glad of an excuse for escaping from the necessity of a political execution. The worthless convicts were sentenced to transportation for life, and for several years they continued to suffer the punishment which they had fully deserved. A few months since, the Crown remitted the remainder of the penalty, and allowed them to return, without conditions, to a country in which they could no longer do mischief. The foolish old man who was exhibited in the carriage and four on the occasion of the Chartist procession, instead of thankfully retiring into obscurity, seeks to indemnify himself for his sufferings by once more courting a disgraceful notoriety; but there is reason to hope that he will be disappointed in his efforts, and that, if he still desires to be hanged, he will find no followers to assist him.

It appears, from Mr. ERNEST JONES's speech, that the patriots of Primrose Hill desire, not to interfere with property, but to abolish the present monopoly under which it is held. The light-fingered members of the assembly must have appreciated the distinction. The transfer of a watch or purse from one pocket to another is but a practical correction of monopoly. It would undoubtedly be unjust to the orator to infer that he meant to recommend general robbery, and it is far more reasonable to suppose that he had no meaning whatever; but it is hardly worth while to overthrow society in the hope of rendering his political perceptions clearer. The English Constitution may at least claim

one merit which ought to have redeemed it in the eyes of the assembled Chartists. Under any other conceivable system, FROST would assuredly have been hanged fifteen years ago; nor would any other European Government have permitted Mr. JONES to parade the metropolis with his rabble. It is the calmness of conscious force which allows a free State to be tolerant. Secret Societies in England would be ludicrous masquerades; but, were it possible to organize them, they might be carried on with perfect impunity. The Government need not be alarmed by an agitation which is professedly directed against private property, against public order, against everything which is essential to English existence. The Democratic and Social Republic must go elsewhere for a residence.

A few years since, Utopia seemed to have realized itself over the greater part of the Continent. The mob of Paris had organized a Government for France according to its own caprice, and a sovereign Assembly was elected by universal suffrage to organize and govern the Republic. One of the first acts of the free people was to attempt to turn the Assembly out of doors; and two months later, the challenge was answered by the cannon and musketry of CAVIGNAC. The death of 10,000 men secured the temporary establishment of order; but the mass of the population were not satisfied as long as the name of freedom existed, and four years after the fall of the constitutional monarchy, the majority of the French nation, notwithstanding the unanimous protest of the educated classes, established, by a formal vote, the military absolutism which now reigns at the Tuilleries. The rest of Europe had long before taken refuge under its former rulers from the blessing of democratic socialism. The system which is advocated by the Chartists, or by their foreign confederates, may be highly desirable; but it is certainly unpopular with the existing generation.

According to the proverbial legend, the Spartans taught their young men sobriety by the occasional exhibition of drunken Helots in their presence. The same object is attained more cheaply and conveniently when the Helots volunteer gratuitously to exhibit themselves. A returned convict, paraded in a carriage and four in the presence of would-be demagogues, may serve to remind them of the fate which awaits them if they exchange harmless bluster for mischievous acts. It is permitted, within wide limits, to talk nonsense on Primrose Hill, but the gallows or the chain-gang awaits the rioters who march upon a peaceful town. The French and German Republicans who took a part in the demonstration may, after all, be excused; for freedom of speech is a relief, and they can enjoy it in no other part of Europe. It is satisfactory to remember that the class to which they belong is for the present extinct under the Government which dissatisfies them here. Two or three Irish agitators are excluded from the United Kingdom, because they basely broke their parole; but not a single political exile from England can now be found in any part of the world.

#### LESSER LIGHTS.

IT was once the fashion for Parliamentary leaders, like the stars of the Opera and the Theatre, to occupy the recess with provincial performances. There was a time when the autumn never passed without an intimation from Tamworth of the policy which was to be looked for in the coming Session, whilst a host of less significant declarations issued from the chiefs of every party and every section of a party into which the House of Commons was divided. Warwick and Birmingham used to hear of the progress of the siege of Maynooth, and of the hopes of the crusade against gold. Mysterious shadowings of a grand financial scheme, by which everybody was to grow rich at the cost of his neighbour, and no one to be a bit the worse, puzzled the bucolic brains of Buckinghamshire. COBDEN was heard in Yorkshire, and from every Tory stronghold the voice of Protection brayed and bellowed in reply. Even so late as last year, a cheery speech from Lord PALMERSTON, on the subject of the war, helped to occupy the thoughts and keep up the resolution of the country. All this, however, seems to be changed, and the only indications vouchsafed to us of the probable temper in which Parliament will meet, are to be found in the explanations addressed by such small deer as Mr. BAXTER and Mr. MOWBRAY to their constituents of Montrose and Durham. There is something, nevertheless, to be gleaned even from their speeches. Belonging as they do to opposite sides of the House, and neither the one nor the other being a party leader, they are, perhaps, fairer exponents of the real feeling

of the great body of members than if they were in a position to announce the future movements of a disciplined party.

Mr. MOWBRAY, we presume, would call himself a Conservative, and Mr. BAXTER would probably not object to be termed a Radical. Both of them, however, speak rather as members of Parliament than as the partisans of any special policy; and both are content to plead guilty, on behalf of the House, to the charge of incapacity which has been pretty freely brought against it. Mr. BAXTER does not spare the Government, and Mr. MOWBRAY declines to defend the Opposition. We find the member for Montrose favouring his audience with a sketch of the House of Commons as severe as if he had no community of feeling and position with the offending body. He complains bitterly of the tedious speeches of second-rate men, and seriously declares that the groaners and cock-crowers, who have now become almost extinct, ought to be regarded as public benefactors for having adopted the only means of putting down interminable talkers. After the men who make long speeches, those who make many are the great objects of Mr. BAXTER's aversion. He has no mercy on the bores who always chatter on subjects which they do not understand. They are set down as intolerable fellows—the mere creation of the morning papers, on whose good nature in reporting them Mr. BAXTER charges the whole responsibility for their tedious talking. In justice to our daily contemporaries, we would remind Mr. BAXTER that it might sometimes tax the skill of the reporter to say which of the speakers in a long debate ought to be passed over as bores—or rather, which ought not—though we are disposed to agree with him, that the gratification of filling half-a-column of the *Times* is one of the chief encouragements to those displays which interfere so much with the business of legislation. The riders of hobbies are slashed with equal energy by the critical member; but he has no better suggestion for the suppression of the nuisance than the old-fashioned device of a count-out, and the consequent loss of a day. But Mr. BAXTER does not confine his animadversions to the smaller fry of Parliament. He is surprised at the want of common sense and judgment displayed by old statesmen, no less than by inexperienced members, in the framing of their measures. He complains that Government leaders introduce their Bills with provisions so ill-considered as to raise a storm of opposition, and that ex-Ministers are always making speeches to save themselves from being forgotten by the House. This is a tolerably long bill of indictment for an M.P. to prefer against the House which he adorns; and one is tempted to ask who would remain when the prosers, the chatters, the hobby-riders, the Government, and the ex-Ministers had been weeded out of the House. The SPEAKER would be there, and so would Mr. BAXTER, of course; but really we are afraid to suggest the names of any others, lest we should bring down upon them a fresh storm of the same unsparing criticism. Taken, however, with reasonable reservation, the description is unfortunately only too faithful; and whatever other legislators may do, we hope that the member for Montrose will never help to verify his own picture of the House.

Mr. MOWBRAY is of a less analytical turn than the censorious Mr. BAXTER. Like him, however, he severs himself from the House, and admits, with delicious candour, that if he is asked what Parliament has been about for the last six months, he has really nothing to reply. If the country is not dissatisfied with its representatives it is, he assures us, because they have done nothing, and there is therefore nothing of which to complain. Nor does he attempt to find an excuse for their short-comings. He acknowledges that it was not the war, because peace was made in February; nor could the Peace negotiations be the reason, since they came to an end in March. The fanciful explanation founded on the supposed disruption of parties, is rejected as inconsistent with Lord PALMERSTON's large majorities; and as for the rest of Mr. DISRAELI's theory, the member for Durham says that he never spent two more unprofitable hours than in listening to the disquisition of the Tory leader. Having made up his mind that Parliament had done nothing, and that the phenomenon of its inaction was incapable of solution, the honourable member proceeded, in utter disregard of Mr. BAXTER's denunciations, to deliver himself of a real Parliamentary speech of three columns and a half, the greater part of which was occupied in enumerating the subjects which he thought it unnecessary to mention. He could not suppose that the majority of his constituents cared whether County Court officers were paid by salaries or by fees—so he would

not dilate upon that subject. He was not addressing an assemblage of lawyers, and therefore he would not enter into the history of Joint-Stock Companies. Very few of his audience were Cambridge men, with the exception of a friend or two on the platform—so he declined to discuss the Act for the reform of that University. The population of Durham, not being composed of seafaring men, could not be interested in the dispute about passing tolls; and as it was equally true that the city was not an exclusively agricultural body, it was unnecessary to say much about the abandoned Bill on the subject of farming statistics. On Maynooth, the honourable member had so often expressed his views, and had so uniformly voted in harmony with his original pledge, that he had nothing more to say than to express his satisfaction at the prospects of the cause. It was not to be expected that so *orthodox* a member should lament the failure of the Church-rate Bill, but at the same time he regretted that the vexed question had not been settled. Mr. MOWBRAY, as might have been anticipated, declared himself an opponent of ill-advised economy, while he was equally anxious that the money raised from the hard-earned wages of the people should not be thrown away. He appeared to be wonderfully hopeful of future legislation, and notwithstanding his admission that the last session produced no results, he believes that there is a real desire on the part of all men in the House of Commons to promote measures conducive to the moral, physical, and spiritual welfare of their fellow-creatures. But we have quoted enough to serve as a sample of the orator's matter, and perhaps more than enough to weary our readers. Of course, none but the citizens of Durham have a right to complain of the length and emptiness of a speech which they alone were condemned to hear; but we cannot read through the columns which it fills without being painfully reminded of the style of eloquence which is unfortunately in vogue with all Parliamentary speakers, except the few who have sense and originality enough to speak because they have something to say, and to express their meaning in the style which comes natural to themselves. The kind of oratory most affected by second-rate members is the product of the same tone of thought which saps the practical energies of the House. When the duty of real work begins to be felt, the desire to talk round a subject will soon die out; and we should hail an improvement in Parliamentary speaking as the best evidence of the growth of more businesslike habits than the Legislature has displayed in the session of abortions which lately closed. There is little enough as yet to encourage the hope of better things. Still it is a good symptom that members of Parliament, from both sides of the House, are conscious of the inefficiency of the legislative machinery of which they form a part. If we may assume that the same feeling has leavened the whole body, we need not quite despair of amendment following confession, though at present we are bound to concur in Mr. BAXTER's condemnation of his brother senators.

#### AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTIES.

THERE could be no reasonable doubt that the collision between the two branches of the American Legislature would terminate without leading either to revolution or to anarchy. The question whether the Federal army should be paid or disbanded, although it formed the nominal issue between the conflicting bodies, was never seriously agitated. Communities who speak English always contrive, when they resist oppression, to retain the essential conditions of government; and the SECRETARY-AT-WAR only excited ridicule or indignation when he set about dismissing the artisans employed in the Ordnance factories. It was universally understood that, before the termination of the contest, the House of Representatives would vote the necessary appropriations; and the struggle was only continued for the purpose of extorting concessions from the Executive, and from the supporters of the Administration. And it is evident that the demonstration which has been made has produced a considerable effect on the dominant party. The PRESIDENT has made confidential promises of amendment; and if he repudiates his engagements, he will only be playing into the hands of his opponents. Several leading members of the majority in the Senate have denounced the atrocious proceedings in Kansas with a vigour which was certainly suggested by their desire to terminate the collision; and the House of Representatives stand before the Union as the champions of a just cause, although the extreme measure of redress which they adopted has been eventually abandoned. The characteristic

faculty of freemen for compromise has been strongly illustrated by the whole progress of the transaction.

The laws enacted by the Missourian intruders and their accomplices in Kansas are almost sublime in their insolent iniquity. One of the statutes imposes two years of hard labour, as a minimum penalty, on any criminal who shall assert that slavery is not already established within the Territory; and the most elaborate precautions are taken against the introduction of a free press, or of free discussion. The legislators have acted on the assumption that the maintenance and propagation of slavery is the primal object of all political institutions. Like all framers of sectarian symbols and articles, the Border Ruffians have devoted their principal efforts to the object of negativating the opinions of their adversaries. The so-called Kansas laws are, however, to a great extent, invalid from their inconsistency with the Constitution of the United States. The Supreme Court has often set aside statutes which but incidentally clashed with the fundamental principles of the Union; and a law which expressly provides securities against freedom is, so far, worthless and void. Yet it is probable that many of the Kansas enactments may be intolerably oppressive without being absolutely unconstitutional. Mr. WELLER was supported by several Democratic Senators in his proposal to repeal the obnoxious code; and those who opposed his Bill insisted on the probability that the Supreme Court would render superfluous the intervention of the Federal Legislature.

Laws which no assembly had a right to pass, made by intruders who had no right to make any laws in Kansas, seem to be entitled to little respect; but the leaders of the Senate were slow to discern the misdeeds of their partisans, and the PRESIDENT was a sharer in their wrong. With full notice of the fraud and violence which had vitiated the elections, Mr. PIERCE gave the aid of the Federal power to the pro-slavery faction; and, with the exception of the officers of the army, all the United States functionaries in the Territory were active instruments of the Border Ruffians. Unfortunately for the Americans, their Constitution, in many respects admirable, provides no House of Commons, or practically sovereign Assembly; for the Executive, within certain limits, is absolute and irresponsible, and the members of the Cabinet can, if they think fit, treat the remonstrances of either branch of Congress with contempt. The Senate, representing the States, always contains a Southern majority; whilst the House of Representatives can only exercise an occasional and limited control over the general policy of the Government. By appending to the Appropriation Bill for the army a proviso that the Federal troops should not be employed to enforce the territorial laws of Kansas, the Republican majority of the House was, in a certain sense, violating the spirit of the Constitution; for the PRESIDENT is entitled to the undivided control of the army, and he is bound to use his power for the maintenance of law and order. The proviso—if it had been intended as a permanent and effective act of legislation—either went too far, or fell utterly short of the grievance which it purported to remedy. No civilized State could tolerate the existence of laws so iniquitous that the public force could not fitly be employed in their defence; and the withdrawal of the Federal army would have been equivalent to a declaration that the contending parties in Kansas must fight out their quarrel for themselves. The Senate was safe in its determination to pass the Appropriation Bill unconditionally or not at all; for the House of Representatives has no right to grant money for any purpose inconsistent with the Constitution. The Republican leaders were fully aware that their position must ultimately become untenable; but they were resolved to call the attention of the nation to the intolerable wrongs which had been committed. The letter of the fundamental law was so far on their side that they had a right to refuse the supplies, if not to attach a condition to the grant. But by the course which they adopted, they forced their adversaries to demur, instead of pleading—or, in other words, to dispute the legality of the remedy, instead of denying the existence of the disease. The principal Senators of the Democratic party have entirely changed their tone since the commencement of the session; and the insolent exhibitions of partisanship by which the PRESIDENT disgraced himself are tacitly disavowed by all the most respectable supporters of the Administration. It is now agreed that the Free State settlers of Kansas are entitled to some form of redress; and the technical victory obtained by the Executive and by the Senate throws upon them the responsibility of remedying the injustice which has been perpetrated.

The Democratic taunt that the House of Representatives

was manœuvring with a view to the Presidential election was certainly not unfounded; but the Republicans might have retorted the charge with equal truth, and have boasted at the same time of their own superior skill and success. It would be difficult, however, to point out any public act or phrase within the limits of the Union which should bear no reference to the pending contest. The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco take an additional pleasure in hanging their indigenous scoundrels when they reflect that they are, at the same time, aiming a blow at BUCHANAN. The appropriation proviso was connected with the policy of the FREMONT party, and it was ultimately defeated by a coalition of the supporters of the two remaining candidates. The advantage of the movement will, however, accrue to the party which has suffered a Parliamentary defeat. The termination of the extra Session without an appropriation for the maintenance of the army, would have placed the Republicans before the country as a triumphant faction, responsible for a great public inconvenience. The national interests would have suffered for the sins of the PRESIDENT; and although the complaints of Kansas would in no sense have been redressed, the victory of the House would have created a popular impression that justice had been successfully vindicated. The proceedings of the Administration now bear the appearance of a wrong without a remedy; but although the PRESIDENT is, for his term of office, practically irresponsible, a security may be taken against the recurrence of the evil in the judicious choice of a successor. It is doubtful whether the Democratic majority of recent elections has yet been effectually reduced; but all the events which have lately occurred tend to increase the chances of the Republican candidate. Mr. BUCHANAN has nothing to gain from the South, which is already unanimous in his favour; while each successive manifestation of violence on the part of the Pro-slavery party adds to the growing indignation of the Northern States. The ascendancy of Southern policy has reached its maximum. Politicians strive in vain to keep the dangerous issue out of sight, while the slave-owners insist as strenuously as the Abolitionists, whom they denounce, on reducing all political discussion to the question in which alone they are interested. The journalists and demagogues of America have a peculiar propensity to dwell on the most indefensible peculiarities of any cause which they undertake to advocate. Some years since, repudiation was held out to the world as the most sublime of political discoveries, and the highest of social duties; and now the papers of Carolina and Virginia are similarly occupied in proving that slavery is not an unavoidable evil, but an indispensable element of civilization. The error of assuming an aggressive position, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, has given the enemies of Southern institutions a decisive controversial superiority.

Whatever may be the result of the election, it is time that Mr. PIERCE should be relegated to the privacy from which he ought never to have emerged. His factious policy is bearing its natural fruits both at home and abroad. While Kansas is in a state of anarchy, and California in revolution, the American Minister in Nicaragua is openly abetting the usurping freebooter who has assumed the government of that State. Mr. PIERCE lately acknowledged RIVAS as President; but RIVAS is in arms against the foreign conqueror, while Mr. WHEELER is the friend and adviser of WALKER. It is not, therefore, improbable that, before the close of the present reign, the State Department of Washington will formally recognise the adventurer, who is no longer supported by any section of the native inhabitants. The Filibustering chief is attempting to intimidate his enemies by political executions; and he is evidently bent on provoking a quarrel with England, in the hope of obtaining support from the United States. Having armed a single schooner, WALKER has, with consummate impudence, announced a paper blockade of all the Pacific coast of Central America, and he has dismissed the English Consul. His patrons in the United States may be assured that there is a limit to English forbearance. If a single vessel belonging to the United Kingdom is molested by the piratical craft of Nicaragua, exemplary vengeance will be exacted from the wrong-doers, without reference to any turgid despatches which may issue from the Government of the United States. Mr. BUCHANAN'S more moderate partisans declare that their candidate's adherence to the Cincinnati platform was but a laudable electioneering fraud; but as a man of sense and a statesman, the probable Democratic PRESIDENT will perhaps keep aloof from the grosser errors of his predecessor. A blustering, irritable, unquiet policy is generally the result of personal or political weakness.

#### THE CZAR'S CORONATION MANIFESTO.

THE manifesto which ALEXANDER II. has issued at Moscow is important, not merely as an act of grace, most graciously done, but as a frank recognition of the real position of Russia. Every day that has elapsed since the peace has furnished fresh evidence of the exhaustion which the war entailed upon the gigantic empire of the Czars. While the contest lasted, we knew that Russia must have suffered vastly more than ourselves, but probably no one in England had formed an adequate idea of what she actually endured. Before the close of hostilities, England had passed through the period of difficulty which, at the beginning of every conflict, has always pressed upon her unready forces, and she had paid the penalty in the loss of many gallant soldiers. This was the one calamity which we had to bear. There was nothing else which rose beyond the dignity of an inconvenience. A double income tax, a twenty million loan, a slight pressure on the money market, and some check to commercial speculation, were almost the only evils which the war brought upon the unmilitary part of our population. How different was the case with Russia! Her reputed losses were so enormous that it was long before we could persuade ourselves to believe a quarter of the truth. Perhaps even yet we have not heard the whole. A year or so ago, 100,000 was thought a probable estimate; but soon after the conclusion of peace, the official journals of St. Petersburg acknowledged that not less than a quarter of a million of brave soldiers had perished. Since then, the estimate has been doubled on tolerably good authority; and a statement, which may or may not be exaggerated, has found its way here from a Russian source, in which the number of victims to the late EMPEROR'S ambition is reckoned at upwards of 900,000. Besides this frightful drain of men, the foreign trade of the empire was crippled—every ship that ventured to sea was captured or burnt—and the people groaned under new taxes and forced loans, at the very time when the productive power of the country was sapped by the incessant demand for fresh recruits to replace the armies which perished behind the walls of Sebastopol, or in forced marches towards the fated city. The acceptance of the hard conditions of peace was the first evidence which reached us of the straits to which Russia was reduced, and all the information which has since been obtained has shown that we were then but half aware of the distress against which our enemy had so obstinately struggled.

And now another voice, telling the same tale, has come from the midst of the splendour and magnificence of the Imperial Coronation. The display of wealth and the muster of nations, for which the Moscow festival was conspicuous, might for a moment make us forget the heavy blow which Russia has endured; but the manifesto of grace, which was the noblest act of the ceremony, unmistakeably proclaims the suffering and the loss, no less than the constancy and devotion, of the Czar's multitudinous subjects. There is no attempt to disguise the truth. The medal, which is offered to all who took part in the war, is declared to be commemorative of the great national trial which Russia has passed through—the great sacrifices made by every class are gratefully acknowledged—and the existence of still remaining traces of public and private suffering is recognised, in the hope that the blessing of God may enable the EMPEROR to efface them. The whole document is worthy of a monarch who will not condescend to conceal the severity of the ordeal through which his country has passed. The special immunities accorded to different sections of the people all recall the unexampled trials to which they have been exposed. Great privileges are promised to the districts bordering on the Black Sea and the Baltic, as a compensation for the ravages of war. The remission of more than 24,000,000 roubles of arrears of taxes testifies to the weight with which the war pressed on the resources of the people. A still more striking proof of the calamities which the Empire endured, is afforded by the necessity of a readjustment of the capitation tax on the basis of a new census. The Imperial manifesto assigns as the reason for this boon the disproportionate burden of the impost on certain classes whose numbers have been more or less sensibly diminished by the war, and the epidemic scourges that have raged more particularly among them. But the greatest confession of weakness, and, at the same time, the most gracious and politic concession, is the dispensation granted to the whole country from the burden of military recruiting and conscription for a period of four consecutive years, unless the

necessities of war should prevent the execution of the measure. The incessant levies of the last two years must indeed have thinned the millions of the EMPEROR's subjects, when he can consent to abandon the hereditary policy of his predecessors, who sought always to keep in readiness an overwhelming force, able both to control Germany and to seize the first favourable opening for the extension of Muscovite dominion.

These symptoms of comparative weakness which are to be traced in the proclamation of the newly-crowned EMPEROR, show how idle are the fears which some have professed to entertain that the treaty of Paris will lead only to a short truce, to be followed by another war in resistance to Russian aggrandizement. It will probably be long before Russia can have recruited her resources sufficiently to venture on a second defiance to Europe; and, even when she shall have done so, it is impossible to believe that the young EMPEROR whose reign commenced in the midst of so much misery, will rashly invoke a repetition of the horrors of war. He has tasted its bitterness and seen its desolation. He has had the wisdom to conclude a peace which involved no little humiliation, rather than waste the lives of his people in prolonging a hopeless struggle. It is difficult to discover the actual character of princes, or to predict the possible effects of the terrible inheritance of absolute power; but in his public acts ALEXANDER has shown, as yet, a humane disposition, and an apparently sincere appreciation of the blessings of peace.

His manifesto breathes a more generous spirit than a mere submission to the necessities of his position. He is not content with efforts to repair the evils of the struggle—he has shown a liberal disposition to relieve the burdens of all his subjects, and an inclination to prefer the peaceful development of the resources of his vast empire to the vain glories of war. Many financial and administrative reforms are proclaimed, and a large measure of clemency is accorded to the State prisoners who took part in the Polish rebellion of 1831, as well as to those who have been condemned for their connexion with Secret Political Societies. The tax on passports for foreign countries is to be abolished, with the exception of a stamp duty, to be appropriated to the benefit of the "Invalides." This boon is especially significant as an indication that the jealousy which the Russian Government has always shown of any intercourse between its subjects and the more advanced nations of Europe is beginning to abate. We can desire nothing better for Russia and for Europe than that the policy of the Coronation Manifesto may be the policy of a long and prosperous reign. If ALEXANDER continues to walk in the path on which he appears to have entered, he will have little difficulty in regaining for Russia the confidence which his father so long enjoyed and so wantonly threw away. He has come to the throne at a time when the nations who own his sway may, if they are saved from war, rapidly appropriate the arts and the civilization to which they are as yet strangers.

By encouraging free intercourse between his people and the older States of Europe, and by developing the immense productive powers of his country, he will gain a legitimate strength which no mere array of troops could give, while he will confer the highest benefits on his own subjects, and escape the mistrust and ill-will which a purely military policy is sure to excite abroad. War has seldom taught a sharper lesson, and peace has perhaps never held out a larger promise, than to Russia at the present crisis of her history. And there seems every reason to hope that neither the lesson nor the promise will be lost on the EMPEROR to whom the destinies of so many millions of his fellow-men have just been solemnly committed.

#### FOOD AND POISON.

THERE is a limit to the endurance even of the most patient communities. When oppression has reached a certain point, rebellion may be looked for; and the law which fails to guard the safety of the individual will, sooner or later, be supplanted by the assertion of the great natural law of self-protection. Notwithstanding the demonstration in honour of FROST, we do not anticipate, however, a domestic insurrection against the powers that be. But there are wrongs harder to bear than even the want of a vote, or the refusal of the Charter; and unless speedy measures be taken to protect us from the league of bakers, butchers, grocers, and druggists, who seem to have conspired to poison us by whole-

sale, we are seriously alarmed lest the national stomach should rise against its oppressors, and overwhelm them with a terrible but just retribution. After all, eating and drinking is, with most of us, the serious business of life; and millions who are content to endure political corruption without a murmur, may be roused to indignation by the corruption of their food. Even an exalted patriot like MR. ERNEST JONES would, unless we do him injustice, rather reject the five points than his dinner; and his questionable followers, who never dream of doing more than waving a banner in the cause of the Charter, would perhaps, in time of scarcity, take a sufficiently energetic part in a bread riot. We should be sorry to urge the populace to violence against the purveyors of their food, but we confess that a grocer half choked with chicory, or a pork-butcher forced to swallow his own sausages, would excite in us no very lively sympathy. We earnestly entreat the offending dealers to ponder in time on the dangers to which they may be exposed. It was only the other day that one of the very champions of law and order inflicted summary vengeance on a wretched eating-house keeper, and was dismissed unpunished by the magistrate before whom he was brought. Without recommending such off-hand proceedings for imitation, we may do a service to the vendors of unwholesome food by directing their attention to the possible risks of their calling. The facts of the case to which we have referred are simple and instructive.

Policeman P 164, who would seem to be partial to saveloys, had walked into the complainant's shop one evening, and purchased his favourite dainty. Soon afterwards he returned, and quietly thrashed the sausage-man for serving him with putrid meat. A charge of assault was, in consequence, preferred before MR. NORRIS, and was met by a defence of a rather novel kind. P 164 admitted the violence of which he was accused; but, by way of confession and avoidance, he put in an analysis of the objectionable sausage. We need not go into the details of the nasty document. It will be enough to mention that the stuff, when given to animals, produced sickness, swelling of the body, and other poisonous symptoms, and that it was pronounced to have been originally diseased, and afterwards putrid, with a greenish putrescence within, and a gangus-like appearance on the surface. After such provocation, it was impossible to be hard on the policeman's offence, and the magistrate accordingly refused to inflict any penalty for the assault.

Now, suppose that this should become a precedent, and that the fact of having purchased unwholesome food of the plaintiff should be recognised as a legitimate defence to an action of battery, the consequences might be very serious to our butchers and bakers. If bread were concocted with a wholesome dread of the cudgel, and if a sound thrashing were the natural consequence of supplying unsound meat, the dealers in provisions would become vastly more conscientious in seeing to the purity of the articles they sold. We hope that matters will not come to such a pass as to require a proclamation of Lynch law against our retail tradesmen; but the success of the policeman's experiment is not unlikely to encourage imitation, and we are afraid that, unless the law interferes with effectual measures for our protection, we may some day see a Committee of Vigilance extempore to inspect all food exposed for sale, with a sub-committee of sausage-eating Peelers to carry its decrees into execution. This would, of course, be a lamentable relapse into barbarism in a country which cannot, like California, plead the rashness of youth for an excuse. We trust, therefore, that Parliament will see the matter in the same light, and relieve us, by a little stringent legislation, from the horrors of feeding on questionable eatables, and the risk of being poisoned at our daily meals. Perhaps the Board of Health will be good enough to send up a working Bill on the subject, as its contribution to the legislative collection which Lord PALMERSTON has invited from his subordinates. We do not wish to dictate the exact provisions which should be inserted; but if the officials should feel a difficulty, as the Parliamentary Committee did, in interfering with free-trade in impurities, we would suggest that the sale of uneatable food might still be permitted, with the condition that it should be labelled, in large characters, with the word "Poison." This would reconcile the scruples of the severest political economist, and afford sufficient protection to purchasers—that is, if care were taken that the label should be duly affixed according to the Act.

Unfortunately, some recent fatal cases have proved that the labels which chemists put on their bottles are not always a

security against fatal results; and no one can feel safe until more stringent regulations shall have been devised against poisoning by medicine, as well as by meat. It may be very well for doctors to prescribe, as they do, minute doses of new-fangled poisons—such as strychnine and aconite—which are now coming into extensive use; but we have surely a right to expect that the medicine we are told to swallow should be described in terms which any druggist may understand, and that it should be made up and labelled by men whose knowledge of pharmacy goes somewhat further than a vague belief that a spoonful of arsenic may perhaps be fatal, and that an aconite draught cannot safely be made twenty times too strong. In the course of the last few months, instances have been recorded of deaths occasioned by ignorance as gross as this; and only a day or two ago, another accidental death has been reported as the consequence of taking strychnine pills. This last poison, indeed, meets us at every turn. So subtle is it that the experiments made during PALMER'S trial proved that one dose may destroy a succession of animals that feed upon the flesh of former victims. A hare or a partridge might, at any rate, be thought safe eating, but even in them the danger of tetanus may lurk; for large quantities of *nux vomica* are constantly sold to gamekeepers for the destruction of crows and foxes, and no one can say that the deadly poison may not have been devoured also by the birds on which he dines. It is, therefore, no extravagant supposition to imagine the presence of death even in a tempting partridge or pheasant. At any rate, it is said that the apprehension of fatal consequences has perceptibly diminished the demand at the poulters' shops; and we do think that some restrictions should be put on the sale of poisons, sufficient to enable us to dine without the dread of finding ourselves attacked in the middle of dessert, with tetanic convulsions.

But the perils to which we are exposed from the possible effects of poison scattered broadcast over the country, are nothing to the risks occasioned by the ignorance and carelessness of the boys who serve us behind the druggist's counter. The melancholy accident which has just occurred at Weybridge resulted, not from any extraordinary neglect, but from the regular system on which country chemists are in the habit of doing business. The shop was left in the charge of an assistant and two apprentices, LUNDIE and BARRATT, the latter of whom was a boy of thirteen years of age. A note was received, requesting "an aperient draught for a child eleven years old." The elder apprentice, instead of attending to the matter himself, told BARRATT to fill a phial with black-draught. The boy mistook the order for black-drop—an extremely powerful preparation of opium—and handed to his companion a phial of poison, enough to have killed a score of adults. Without troubling himself to see that he had got the right mixture, LUNDIE labelled the bottle "Aperient draught." The dose was administered, and in a short time the child died. An inquest was held; and the jury, though they found that the death was caused by the want of care of LUNDIE and BARRATT, refrained from bringing in a verdict of manslaughter. The accident—if accident it can be called—might happen any day, in almost any chemist's shop in a country town. If the master is away, you are pretty sure to be served by a child who does not know one drug from another, and who is nevertheless allowed to have the run of shelves where the most fatal compounds are placed within his reach. The very precaution of labelling the mixtures dispensed is no better than a snare, if assistants, who may be supposed to be competent to distinguish one from another, leave the filling of the bottles to the drudge, and put on the labels without inquiring whether he has selected a wholesome medicine or a deadly poison. Carelessness is even more alarming than the sale of "quietness" and arsenic. The purchasers of such drugs as these generally know something of their dangerous qualities; but no one can guard against poison which the chemist has labelled as an innocent draught. Nothing would be easier than to restrict the dispensing of drugs to persons who have proved themselves to be qualified to distinguish between them; and until this is done, it would perhaps be the more prudent course to abstain from physic altogether, rather than run the risk of being killed in case a careless or ignorant boy should misunderstand the directions of an equally careless superior. Why should not every druggist be required to keep his poisons under lock and key, and to allow no one but himself to touch them? It could be no great hardship to impose such a condition; and even if it were, the safety of purchasers is more important than the convenience of shopmen. We have tried free trade in drugs and food, and the result is

that our dinners make us ill, and our medicines kill us. It is time to adopt a different principle, and to place the sale of everything intended to be swallowed under such regulations as may give us a fair chance of ending our lives without the prospect of a *post mortem* and a Coroner's inquest.

#### CURATES' GRIEVANCES AND CLERICAL WRONGS.

THERE is a cycle in cries. They appear and reappear like a recurring decimal. Just when there is a blank in the political or social system, one can calculate on the rise, progress, and departure of a popular grievance with the certainty with which a comet's orbit is mapped out. Of late, the great Curates' grievance has been the topic of the day. Whether the Curates and their sorrows would have been brought before the public at all had there been any political news of the least possible importance—or whether the Long Vacation and the touring of chief editors have not been the immediate cause of the present indiscriminate and wholesale parade of clerical shortcomings and sacrifices—it is not worth while to inquire. The columns of the daily newspapers have been literally thrown open to every correspondent, and the effects are certainly curious. First, the subject was taken up in a purely literary way, and with that practical knowledge of Church matters which might have been anticipated. The Curate was presented to the world much in the same fashion in which he appears in the fictions of the last century. Judging from the newspaper characteristics of the Curate, we are living in the days of FIELDING and SMOLETT. All incumbents are, we were given to understand, non-resident, and all curates are starving. The rector monopolizes all the conceivable vices of the clerical order, while every curate is an embodiment of superhuman virtues, besides being blessed with apostolic poverty and a patriarchal family. This was the curate of journalism. How very hard that a rector should have eight hundred a year, and a curate only eighty! Here is the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* actually containing advertisements for curates, at stipends of 50*l.* a-year. Why, the thing is less than a butler's wages. This was the first blush of the case as presented to the great popular mind. It really looked very well—on paper; and on the whole, remembering CRABBE's tale and sundry sentimental novels, the picture, though not very new, was at least effective. But in a short time people began to doubt about the existence of the original. They saw a good deal of clerical poverty, and much of clerical works, good and bad; but of that exact type of clerical misfortune, self-denial, and starvation which the newspapers rejoiced in, the specimens were at least rare. On looking at the dictionary, and finding that a curate, in the days of JOHNSON, used to be a substitute rather than an assistant, people were puzzled. They found that the curate of fact and the curate of fiction, the curate of the present and of the past, the curate of the newspapers and the curate of the *Clergy List*, were not quite the same thing. And then it got to be whispered about—not in the Editor's room, for in September newspapers edit themselves, and the chief "Thunderers" are on the Continent, or in retreat on the stubbles—that during the last thirty years non-residence had been gradually extinguished in the Church of England. It was suspected that a non-resident and pluralist was about as rare as a bustard—that the suffering curates were extra hands put on the clerical staff entirely at their own voluntary choice—and that, far from the modern actual curate doing all the work and receiving none of the pay, he was simply an assistant, taken on at a certain salary by the resident incumbent to increase the efficiency of the Church, and paid by him out of his own pocket. In a word, it was found that, in all except the very rarest cases, the curate's stipend is so much absorbed out of the endowments of the Church—that is, expended out of the resident parson's income—without costing the present generation of churchmen one single farthing.

At last the public instructors have found this out. They began by telling us that the state of curates was a scandal and a shame to the Church—that the richest Church in the world ought to pay its curates better—that it was a crying sin that one man should have all the pay, and another all the work. So preached the preacher's preacher; and as Byron's governess—

By teaching others, learned herself to spell, so writers in newspapers, by dint of instructing the world on the state and condition of curates, have at length, after six weeks' hard writing, discovered what a curate is. After

insisting, in at least a dozen leading articles, on the riches and abuses of the Church, they have found out that the Church is not so rich after all, and that, as for the grievances of curates, perhaps the most real suffering is with the incumbents. We are now told that curates are extras, and that people don't like to pay for extras—that the English are a very liberal nation—and that, if they knew at once the whole amount of the clerical bill, curates included, they would very cheerfully pay it, in which case the curates would of course get more. They would be a recognised item, and allowed for accordingly; whereas now they come in rather as hangers-on to the establishment than as regular servants.

This is so far true, that the stipendiary curate is somewhat of a novelty. He is an accident, and a rather fortunate one for the Church. Historically, he is an innovation—canons and the clerical law hardly recognise him. We believe there is no Latin term to designate the "assistant minister" of the Church of England—the fact being that there is no other Church in which it is the custom for an endowed minister to be compelled, or to consider himself compelled, to pay for additional cure of souls for the people. As to the amount of the clerical bill, the revenues of the Church and their apportionment are as well known as the quarterly returns of the revenue. The curate may be badly paid; but whatever his pay is, it is so much surrendered—and generally voluntarily surrendered—by the incumbent, for the good of the parish. The curate is not paid by the people. Of course, if the people of England are horrified at the small incomes of the curates, they can very readily increase them. They are now told—and with truth—that if all the Church property in England were divided equally among all the clergy by an act of ecclesiastical socialism, the result would be less than 300*l.* per annum per clergyman. They are told—and with equal truth—that whatever may be the incumbent's nominal income, he seldom gets more than two-thirds, often not one-half, of it, thanks to the "equitable adjustment" of tithes, and the rating system. They are told that most prudent men consider the average of stipendiary curacies actually better, in point of income, than the average of incumbencies. We now have the facts and statistics of the case before us. We have the rich incumbent's balance sheet; and we find that his 1000*l.* a year gross dwindles down into less than 600*l.* a year net. Here is the ideal of another less bountiful rectory, appraised at 600*l.* per annum in the *Clergy List*. The incumbent pays rates to the extent of more than a sixth of his income, the rates being calculated on the gross amount—he pays one, and often two curates—he pays a self-redeeming interest on the mediæval rectory-house. He spends 30*l.* per annum on keeping the schools open. He is called upon to subscribe to the five Church societies—to missionary institutions—to Provident, Dorcas, and Library Funds—to every charity, diocesan, parochial, provincial, general, and local. Unless he restores the church, builds a new organ, gives a school feast, clothes the poor, and feeds the sick, he is charged with neglecting his parish. Take the other picture—that of the assistant. Whatever the curate's stipend, it is certain, and subject to no deductions. Moreover, it is always in a curate's power to change his condition. There is not a curate in England who might not, with the least possible trouble, and without interest, become an incumbent in a month. There are always Peel districts vacant, with the munificent endowment of 150*l.* a-year, for which an incumbent is expected to find himself, and the parish into the bargain, with all the necessities, and most of the luxuries, of an establishment. Thus, after all, the curate's position is, in nine cases out of ten, his own choice—and a very prudent choice, too. The real miseries are those of the independent incumbent, be he rector, vicar, or perpetual curate. He never knows either his income, or the necessary deductions from it.

We cannot be sorry for the publicity to which the economics of clerical incomes are just now subjected. Though the agitation was commenced in spite, and has been pursued in ignorance, it ends in bringing out the real facts of the case. Far from the Church being full of abuses in the shape of hoarding and idleness, which was the original charge in the newspapers, the fact seems to be that churchmen, on the whole, do less at present for the support of their professed belief than any other body of religionists in the land. It is not the clergy, but the people, who fail to discharge their duty. People build churches, and starve the clergy. England insists on having a respectable clergy, a well-educated clergy, and a married clergy, but she will not pay for her

taste; and this truth is rapidly in the way of being forced upon us. The resident clergy are a body with which, for social as well as for religious reasons, we cannot dispense. And things cannot go on as they are. Already the social status of the class is deteriorating. The best men do not take orders—candidates for the ministry, whether as regards means, station, or acquirements, are not what they were. The standard is becoming lower. The Civil Service, and other professions, are calling off those who, ten years ago, would have entered the Church. The increasing hosts of little starving incumbencies are frightening away a most useful body of men. In the large towns, the withdrawal of the burial fees has reduced the richest livings into something only short of actual want. Parliament has been appealed to on the injustice to which, as regards rating, the rural clergy are exposed; and, as the end of the whole matter, we are landed in the very sensible conclusion that some adaptation of the voluntary system is the only remedy for the great Curates' grievance. In short, if we want curates to be better paid, we must pay them ourselves; for the Church has made every possible sacrifice, and nine out of ten of her incumbents have hitherto—and that without parading their efforts, or even calling attention to them—taxed themselves till they have nothing left to tax.

#### UNITY DIVIDED.

IT is a golden rule with judicious Assurance Offices to avoid, as much as possible, all public contests. They live by the confidence which they may succeed in inspiring, and a doubt as to the faithful performance of their contracts is fatal to their prosperity. Yet, notwithstanding the obvious prudence of veiling every dispute from the eye of the world, the Unity General Assurance Association has ventured to discuss, at a general meeting, a squabble between the Manager and the Directors of the Company, which has revealed a curious contrast between their professed principles and their actual practice. The Association was ostensibly founded to carry out, on a magnificent scale, all the latest improvements in the theory and practice of life assurance. We have already noticed incidentally the extravagant expenditure by which, like very many other offices, it has got its business together. But those to whom the management of the Company was entrusted have not been contented with squandering its funds—they have felt themselves equally at liberty to scatter its principles to the winds. One of the new measures on which the Company most prided itself was the adoption of the rule of indisputability. Their prospectus declared that the Directors were precluded, by the constitution of the Association, from disputing any claim under pretence of inaccuracy or misstatement, and that every policy bore upon its face the assurance that it was perfectly indisputable, except in case of failure to pay the premiums, death beyond the prescribed limits, or by the hands of justice, or by suicide. That a policy should not be disputed on the ground of innocent error by the assured is unquestionably a sound maxim, which every office ought to adopt; but to pretend, as the Unity did, to renounce the right to refuse payment of a policy obtained by fraud, was a mere trick to gain popularity, for the Directors, unless very ignorant, must have known perfectly well that such a renunciation would go for nothing in a court of law. But, whatever the pretence may have been, the practice of the office, if we may judge from the case about which the Board and the Manager have fallen out, is not open to censure as affording too great facility for satisfying the claims upon its policies.

The circumstances which the quarrel has brought to light are very remarkable, and very serious in their bearing on the conduct of all the parties to the transaction. A Mrs. ATKIN, of Glasgow, had, it seems, insured her life for 2000*l.* in the Unity Office. After the policy had run for a short time, her husband applied to the office to substitute for it one made payable to himself—representing that the original policy was taken out for his benefit, and that the alteration would have no effect except to enable him to receive the money with less difficulty and trouble in the event of his wife's death. This application was forwarded to the central office by the Glasgow agent of the Association—a Mr. WIELAND—about the beginning of April last. For some reason not very clearly explained, the new policy was not issued until the middle of June, when it was sent to Mr. WIELAND, who had by that time, it is stated, picked up information which led him to suspect that some suppression, as to the state of the lady's health, had been practised on the office. The

Manager thereupon sent a letter of instructions to Glasgow, which supplies a very useful commentary on the doctrine of indisputability; for the substance of the document was, that Mr. WIELAND was to return the premium paid, and to set the assured at defiance in case the suspected fraud should be established. In other words, he was to repudiate the policy on the ground of misrepresentation, notwithstanding the pledge contained in the prospectus of the Company that claims should not be disputed for any such reason. The propriety of at once breaking off a contract founded in fraud cannot be questioned, being as obvious as the impropriety of a delusive promise to pay in spite of every misrepresentation. However, the letter of Mr. BAYLIS, the Manager, shows that he fully appreciated the amount of obligation involved in the pledge of indisputability; and it may teach all who are not quite blind the real value of the privilege of cheating, which the Unity and some other offices pretend to give to their customers.

But this is far from being the worst part of the transaction. In consequence of his suspicions, Mr. WIELAND retained the new policy in his own hands, without, so far as appears, letting its existence be known to the assured; and in less than a fortnight after it was issued, the lady died. Immediately on the receipt of the news, Dr. LLOYD, the chief medical officer of the Association, and also one of its Directors, was sent to Glasgow to investigate the affair. After communicating with the lady's medical attendants, Dr. LLOYD believed, or affected to believe, that the circumstances of the death were such as to call for a *post-mortem* examination; and arrangements were made, even to the fixing of the hour, for the purpose. At this juncture it occurred to Mr. WIELAND that an excellent opportunity had arrived for compromising the claim. The negotiation was successful; but Mr. WIELAND, to quote his own words, declines to say "how the delicate mission was performed." Two telegraphic messages despatched by Dr. LLOYD, however, throw sufficient light on the matter. The first states that, the circumstances of the case being suspicious, a *post-mortem* examination was proposed; and the second, sent on the following day, runs thus:—"May I settle for 750*l.*, and no *post-mortem*?" Mr. BAYLIS telegraphed his approval, and the husband of the deceased lady accepted 750*l.*, instead of 2000*l.*—gave a discharge in full of all claims—and carried off the corpse an hour or two before the time fixed for the examination, together with a letter from the Doctor, stating that he was perfectly convinced the lady had died from natural causes. A few days afterwards, the Board, on the proposition of Mr. BAYLIS, sanctioned these proceedings by ordering payment of the 750*l.*, which had been advanced by Mr. WIELAND out of his own funds; whereupon that gentleman intimated by letter that he and the Doctor were of opinion that, if the Directors had awarded them "an amount named," they would have felt they had fully deserved it. He manifested at the same time great anxiety lest Dr. LLOYD should have appropriated all the credit of the affair to himself. A week later, Mr. BAYLIS began to feel some scruples about the matter, and urged the Board to pay the balance of the claim "in a discreet and cautious manner." The Board refused to retrace its steps, and after a good deal of coquetting on both sides, Mr. BAYLIS tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the Directors.

The quarrel having reached this point, there was no alternative but to summon a general meeting. On this occasion, some additional particulars were stated which do not diminish the strangeness of the transaction. On the part of the Directors, it was alleged that their only difficulty about paying the balance arose from the fact that no claim had been made. Since their previous resolution, however, Mr. ATKIN had, it was stated, after remaining quiescent for a month or two, preferred his claim for the 1250*l.*, and had also, a few days before, written a letter to Mr. WIELAND, thanking him for the gentlemanly manner in which he had conducted the investigation, and saying that Mr. WIELAND's appeal to him to take a smaller sum, in consideration of the small amount of premium paid, agreed with his own feelings. We do not attempt to reconcile the acceptance of the compromise, the receipt in full, and the subsequent letter, with the demand for payment which was ultimately made; nor do we desire to enter into the many personal questions which were raised at the meeting between Mr. BAYLIS and the Board. It is not very material whether, as some of the Directors alleged, the Manager had been greedy of power, and inattentive to business, or whether his friend, Mr. MECHI, was more correct in describing him as a Company-maker, who

could not help it, and who would go on making Companies to the end of time. But, on whomsoever the blame may rest, the compromise of Mrs. ATKIN's claim was in the highest degree discreditable. The proprietors of the *Unity* seem to be very much of the same opinion, for a resolution to pay the balance claimed was unanimously passed. No substantial grounds have been alleged for suspecting foul practices upon the life of the assured; but if there was a case of suspicion, what is to be said of a compromise by which the office, in consideration of saving 1250*l.*, agreed to hush up the matter, and to abandon the threatened inquiry? Assuming, on the other hand, that the Doctor's acknowledgment that the lady died from natural causes was *bond fide*, and not merely a part of the compromise, the whole arrangement was a scheme of intimidation, to deprive a man who was entitled to 2000*l.* of the greater part of his just rights. The very existence of the second policy seems to have been concealed from him to the last, and at any rate the compromise was effected by a threat of a *post-mortem* examination, on which, in the absence of reasonable suspicion, the office had no right to insist. It needs no argument to prove that, where a doubt upon a policy arises from an alleged suspicion of murder, the compromise of a claim is utterly indefensible. But we would go much further, and say that no compromise of a demand on a life policy can, under any circumstances, be justified. It would probably be found on investigation that almost all insurance offices are guilty of the practice. They know that litigation, with whatever result, is injurious to their business, and it is not unlikely that many claims are partially paid which might be successfully resisted in a court of law. But the present instance shows that a compromise may be extorted in a case where the office admits that there is no ground for refusing payment, and it is obvious that an insurance loses its value as a secure provision if payment can only be insisted on at the risk of a costly litigation with a wealthy company. If an office, on a suspicion of fraud or crime, thinks itself justified in refusing to pay in full, it has no right to shrink from a legal inquiry; but if it does not go to trial, it is taking a most unfair advantage to force a poor man or a helpless widow to forego a portion of a claim. The *Unity* Association has proved what Directors are capable of doing, notwithstanding the tricky promise of absolute indisputability. But there is a true principle of indisputability which ought to be universally adopted—and that is, to pay, without delay or deduction, every claim which cannot be shown to be founded on fraud.

#### M. FARINI'S LETTER TO MR. GLADSTONE.

M. FARINI has recently addressed a letter to Mr. Gladstone, for a translation of which we are indebted to the *Daily News*. It is in every way a very remarkable document—remarkable for the facts which it asserts, for the moderation and earnestness with which it comments on them, and for the conclusion to which it aims at conducting its readers. It speaks of the leading topics of Italian politics with the deep and stern feeling of a man to whom the wrongs of his country are a personal calamity, but it discusses them with a soberness and a breadth of view which are exactly fitted to awake the attention of English readers. It is a manifesto, not from a violent democrat or a hot-brained enthusiast, but from a lover of constitutional forms—a man only asking for the security of social life—a scholar who has minutely studied the history of his country, and has himself suffered in her cause. Whatever such a man writes, deserves the most careful and respectful attention. We will attempt, therefore, to give a summary of the contents of his letter; and as its value depends so much on its being the production of an Italian, we will abstain from interspersing any comments of our own.

M. Farini begins by calling to the recollection of his readers the language used by the representatives of the Western Powers at the Congress of Paris. They spoke of the state of Italy in terms which were sure to raise the hopes of Italians. They were not bound to speak of Italy at all. To do so was to depart from the habits of diplomacy. If they determined on a step unnecessary and unusual, it was to be supposed they had maturely considered the effect of their conduct, and had concerted their plan of ulterior operations. Lord Clarendon said that the condition of Naples and the acts of its Government not only gave Europe the right, but imposed on it the duty, to interfere. It was not, M. Farini says, to be supposed that Lord Clarendon and Count Walewski—enemies as they are of the principles of the demagogues, and interested above all things in preserving the peace they had just won—could imagine it possible, without public danger and a common shame, to allow a Government which was, in their opinion, on the wrong road—which was preparing the way for insurrectionary movements, and thus virtually supporting the demagogues—to remain without correction. Four months have now elapsed without any visible effect having followed the declarations of the Western Powers. The Italians, who fear that they

are to be once more deceived, are told that Austria is acting in concert with France and England. Is it possible that Austria should be acting in good faith? This is the question that M. Farini undertakes to solve.

"The first, the greatest, the sole misfortune for Italy," says M. Farini, "is the preponderance of Austria." If Austria did not preponderate in Italy, the despotism which Mr. Gladstone has called "a denial of God," would not be possible at Naples. M. Farini points to the social miseries of Italians in the Austrian territory, as the most convincing proof that the two nations cannot exist in harmony on the same soil. "Regard the way," he exclaims, "in which we live. Where is there, in the countries possessed by the Austrians, the Italian who, having any reputation to lose, can venture to consort or be on terms of intimacy with them? By what honest family can they be received on a footing of confidence and honour?" M. Farini goes on to argue that, since it has been known that Austria would be taken into confederation in the management of Italy by the Western Powers, the wrongdoers have laughed at the punishment supposed to be hanging over their heads. The King of Naples continues to condemn his unhappy subjects with mock trials and perjured witnesses. The Court of Rome has taken care to let it be known that the clergy, instead of renouncing those temporal privileges which give rise to such murmurings, are thinking of getting back again for themselves the few desirable employments still left in the hands of laymen. Austria herself runs riot, with her soldiers, in Parma, and increases her bands in all the territory she has usurped. Even if she were sincerely desirous of reprobating the tyrants of Italy, and especially the insane despot who tortures the inhabitants of Naples, what reproaches could she utter with justice? She could not point to violated Constitutions, for they have been violated by her command, or after her example. She cannot call out against the cruelty of the King of Naples, when, in Bologna and Ferrara, the Austrians give five blows with the stick on the mere accusation of crime, then examine the prisoner, and if he remain firm, repeat the five blows, until he is either incapacitated, or makes one of those confessions which they give out to the public as spontaneous. Nor, again, can Austria cast in the teeth of the Court of Rome its inability to guarantee public security; for the robbers are more audacious, and crimes are more frequent and atrocious in the dominions of Austria than in the city and territory occupied by the French and the Papal soldiery. Any effectual remedy, therefore, M. Farini asks us to believe, must be given in opposition to and in despite of the Court of Vienna, and it must not be conceived in too small and timid a spirit. It is reported that diplomacy is at work to obtain the liberation of Poerio and other prisoners. To effect this is to do a good service to individuals, but Italy requires far more. In the first place, it should be remembered that while Poerio and a few other distinguished men are mentioned, a thousand obscurer victims are forgotten. Then, the perjury which the Government has sanctioned and instigated, has made notorious "the corruption with which the whole body of the State is defiled from head to foot." The ruling power is stripped, and stripped for ever, of all moral authority. It would be as impossible to believe in its honesty after the compulsory release of a few eminent prisoners, as it is now. If the King swore to a new constitution, no one would value his oath. The petty tools of his tyranny, who now form the Neapolitan Government, could not be set at the head of a constitutional system. If a new Ministry were taken from those who now lie in dungeons, the King and his ministers would be eternally separated by the memory of so great an injury as that which a condemnation by perjured witnesses has inflicted, and the people would only see in their rise a juggle which had turned out one set of men from power to bring in another. No remedy, it is asserted, can be effectual, short of abolishing the Bourbon monarchy. If a really national Government were established in Naples, Italy would be saved. "It is clear," says M. Farini, "that the preponderance of Austria would be impossible, were the kingdoms placed at the two extremes of the peninsula resolutely and firmly to maintain the guardianship of their own country, together with the independence of the minor States hitherto guaranteed in vain by treaties. The two Italian armies would suffice in every conjuncture to keep Italy in peace and order, and to limit Austria within the line of her duty."

After giving a picture of the actual condition of Rome and some of the minor States of the Peninsula—chiefly with the view of showing how uniformly the authorities, supported by Austria, mock and betray their subjects—M. Farini proceeds to dwell on two consequences of the Congress of Vienna, which, during the last forty years, have wrought unnumbered woes to Italy. It was, he says, determined, in the first place, not to have one united Italy, but an Italy of small States balancing one another. This arrangement, defensible in itself, was virtually set aside by the creation of the huge Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, which, in the hands of Austria, has destroyed any kind of balance among the Italian States. Secondly, the great Powers came to an agreement that they would join in putting down all resistance to legitimate authority. England alone did not accede to this; but neither did she openly oppose it. France, under the Bourbons, not only in words sanctioned the principle of intervention, but acted on it in the case of Spain. Austria, with the best and richest part of Italy in her grasp, and sure of having her intervention applauded and encouraged by the Sovereigns of Europe, managed the affairs of all the

States of the Peninsula as she pleased. After the Revolution of July, France made some efforts to lessen the preponderance of Austria; but Metternich informed Marshal Maison that Austria would interfere in Italy even at the risk of an European war, and after the fruitless expedition to Ancona in 1832, France gave way. Thenceforward, for ten years, Italy was more decidedly out of the pale of international law than the Turkish empire. Russia could not do all she pleased in the East; but there was no check on Austria in Italy. In 1845, the first glimpse of a less timid policy was seen in Turin. The Piedmontese Government dared to oppose Austria in a trifling squabble about wine and salt—a matter small in itself, but great as the beginning of resistance. Shortly afterwards came the Revolution of February; and after Vienna had followed the example of Paris, Milan and Venice revolted. Then came the series of recent and familiar events which have ended in making Austria still more completely than before the mistress of all Italy except Piedmont, which is now emancipated from her control, and become the object of her bitterest enmity.

In estimating the prospects of the immediate future, M. Farini wishes to disabuse his readers of two notions which he thinks very mistaken. The one is the notion that Italy teems with Secret Societies—the other is, that a change in the state of Italy will lead to the establishment, or to an attempt at the establishment, of one or more Italian republics. "It were desirable," he says, "that certain writers, as for instance Mr. Disraeli, when they are not writing novels, should not rave too strongly about a subterranean Italy, full of Secret Societies, and with dark caves tenanted by *Carbonari*, drinking blood out of human skulls, and whetting their terrible knives." M. Farini asserts that the number of the Secret Societies is daily diminished, and that their plots are now-a-days mere child's play, and not a source of any public danger. The societies by which the tyrannical Governments of Italy are threatened, are not secret—they are the offspring of public conscience and public opinion, and all their proceedings are carried on as much as possible in the face of Europe. With regard to the chances of a Red Republic, M. Farini says that Italy is the last place in which Socialist movements are to be apprehended. "To fear a Republican revolution in Italy, now that all Europe is monarchical and France imperial, strikes me as a monomania as absurd as that of hoping for it." M. Farini notices one other statement, sometimes adduced as a charge against the constitutional kingdom of Sardinia. It is said that the House of Savoy is always in a posture of hostility towards Austria, threatening, if not to attack it openly, at least to distract and annoy it. To this M. Farini replies that, if Piedmont were strong enough, it would not only be its right, but its duty, to make war on Austria. The property of Sardinian subjects has been confiscated by Austria in the most wanton and insulting manner, and Piacenza has been fortified as a menace to Piedmont, in defiance of the plainest language of treaties. Circumstances may arise, he says, in which Piedmont will have no choice but to make war at all hazards—meanwhile, it is for the Crown and Parliament of that country to estimate the necessities of its position. No faction in the State should be allowed prematurely to hurry on the contest; but if the State itself is willing, or is driven to run the risk, its cause will certainly be a righteous one.

The Western Powers, have then, we are told, a choice before them. If they wish to help Italy, and are unwilling that Austria should make it what Metternich called it, a mere geographical phrase, they must either speak so strongly to the Court of Vienna as to make it feel that unless it is prepared to risk an European war, it must use its influence in Italy to carry out, not its own views, but the views of the Western Powers; or they must declare that they will not permit any intervention whatever in Italian affairs. Which of these courses is preferable—whether either is possible, and whether there is a hope of direct and decided action on the part of the Western Powers—are points which we shall not discuss at present. M. Farini's Letter will, we are sure, have more effect if its statements and arguments are left to make their own impression on the English public.

#### THE HISTORY AND PRESENT STATE OF AMERICAN COMMON SCHOOLS.

THINGS little known are often superficially treated, the scanty knowledge of the supporter of one side of a question being fortified by the entire ignorance of his opponents; and thus, practically secure against contradiction, he gains cheap credit for original information. So it has fared with the subject of the following remarks—the system of Common Schools in the United States. It has become a *cheval de bataille* to men who probably have a distinct idea of their own on the matter, but who have looked no further into the facts of the system than the columns of figures in the last school returns—if, indeed, they have ever gone nearer to the fountain-head of information than the shallow tricklings of a magazine.

It is in New England that the most complete and rapid extension of a system of schools has taken place; and the feature of that system which is most frequently lauded is the assumed entire dependence of the schools on local rates for support, and their supposed abnegation of the principle of endowment. It has, moreover, been assumed that they expressly renounce all religious

character whatever, and that, being wholly supported by the resources of the civil authority, they thus exemplify the utter dissociation of that authority from religion. It is not too much to assert that not one of these statements is true of the system in its theory, although the practical influence of religion upon that system appears to be nearly *nil*. In support of this assertion, we invite our readers to follow us through the leading facts furnished by a few volumes of the most recent school reports from New England. Moreover, the extent to which the schools of that country can be regarded as models suffers great drawbacks from certain features of its social system. The number of pupils in actual attendance bears a very poor proportion to the somewhat magnificent figures which appear on the books; and the diffusiveness of the system, both as regards the subjects touched upon and the area of population covered by it, is not consistent with depth or concentration, even in that merely relative and limited sense in which those terms are applicable to popular education. There is a tasteless and trashy character about some of the infant encyclopedias in use in the States, which suggests the superficiality of the training imparted; whilst an exaggerated tone of sentimental civilization pervades the intercourse of teacher and pupil, so far as is shown by these volumes.

It is historically certain that the large share which a religious spirit had in moulding these earlier colonies of the British Crown shone out nowhere more conspicuously than in their scholastic institutions. The original New England schools emanated directly from the idea of the religious character of the State, and of the distinctly religious duties of civil government. In direct contradiction to some notions with which they are commonly associated, a State endowment is the earliest form of maintenance which meets us in their annals. The "common schools" of the present day have, in those States where education is most anciently rooted, a direct continuity of development from those Church-and-commonwealth seminaries which the original colonists founded in imitation of the Tudor grammar-schools of the old country, in which they had themselves been reared. Hence, landed or other endowment, as distinct from local rates, was the primary means of their support. Let us take as an example Connecticut, where a reserve of land, precisely similar to that which lately existed in Canada for the support of the ministers of religion, was, up to a period more recent than the American revolutionary war, a source of maintenance both for the clergy and for the public schools. To the latter object alone, however, the entire proceeds were devoted when, in 1795, the reserve was sold. That sale was resolved on after the sense of the State had been several times taken on the question whether the maintenance afforded from public sources to ministers of religion should be continued, the affirmative of which appears to have been held by a considerable minority. No doubt, the difficulty of apportioning the proceeds of the land amongst competing sects had considerable weight with practical men. The debate on the subject is worth reading. The fear of priestcraft, and the dread of the Indians, the horror of a privileged class, an empty exchequer, and state bonds at par—these, and similar arguments, many of which have now become curious as political fossils, are preserved in the collection of "Legislative Documents respecting Education in Connecticut, 1853," put forward by the Superintendent of Common Schools, in his report. We there find one honourable member, in the style with which Mr. Dickens has since made us familiar, even thus early (1794) remarking that "our citizens are distinguished for simplicity of manners and useful information." Even then, as now among ourselves, it was matter of complaint that "the curse is, we have so many men in the pulpit who are incompetent to the duties of their profession;" and we find the orator inferring that "it is not strange that the people should reluctantly pay their money for chips and porridge instead of the genuine milk of the word." Another speaker, of a drier tone, "was not hostile to the clergy—they were useful men in their places;" while a third politician points out "the folly of selling the bear-skin before they caught it." On the whole, these eighteenth-century debates strike us as wonderfully English, and as intensely like those of vestry-meetings among ourselves in the present day. Certainly, their whole tone of expression and feeling is far less removed from what we now exhibit than from what the States themselves have since developed; and it marks the rapid alteration of national characteristics under the circumstances which prevail beyond the Atlantic, as compared with our old-world arrangements here.

To return, however, to the question of the sale of the reserve of land. The proceeds derived from that sale still form a perpetual fund for the purposes of education; and thus the common schools of Connecticut enjoy what is as much a State endowment as that of our own established church. In the year 1851, the principal of the school fund thus secured amounted to 2,049,484 dollars, as stated in the "Report of the Commissioner of the School Fund to the Legislature of the State."

Let us glance next at the school history of Massachusetts. There we find on record a colonial statute of 1650, providing for "the education of the English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godliness," and constituting their "college" a corporation. Our readers may be prepared to think this "college" some mere nursing of private zeal, like those within our own universities; but a still earlier statute (1642) clearly shows that it had a public origin. There we read that "this court (i.e., the Su-

preme Court of Assembly in Massachusetts) hath given the sum of four hundred pounds, and also the revenue of the ferry between Charlestown and Boston," for its maintenance. "It is therefore ordered that the governor and deputy . . . together with the teaching elders of Cambridge (U.S.) . . . shall have power to establish statutes, &c. . . . and also to manage the revenues." Here we have a religious school endowed, as such, with a public revenue, and ministers of religion associated with the magistrates in its administration. One more instance shall suffice—that of the town of Providence. In the year 1663, it was agreed by the then "present Assembly, that one hundred acres of upland and six acres of meadow . . . shall be laid out within the bounds of this town of Providence; the which land shall be reserved for the maintenance of a school in this town . . . and shall be called by the name of the school lands of Providence."

Thus there are school funds, more or less ample, of an antiquity coeval, in many cases, with the colony itself, derived either from direct State endowment, or from the munificence of individuals, husbanded and recognised by the State. As an example of the latter kind, we may mention a legacy of 10000 bequeathed to his native State by Franklin; and in 1838, Edmund Dwight, of Boston, made a donation of 10,000 dollars towards the establishment of normal schools, which led to the unanimous voting of the same sum by the State. Many more instances might be adduced, were our business to enumerate, and not merely to exemplify.

But there is another feature of the system especially interesting to ourselves. There is a machinery for supplying a school fund independently of local rates, by means of a loan in aid of education in each State from the central and general Government. The act under which this resource is derived was passed by Congress in 1836, and therefore is to be regarded as part of the result of educational experience in America in the nineteenth century. In several, perhaps in most or all, even of the New England States—which are, in matters of education, the foremost of the Union—that aid from the central Government is still enjoyed. This shows that they do not find local effort, when left without the stimulus of central resources, enough to do the work which Lord John Russell's late resolutions proposed to leave to local bodies. Twenty years ago—so, at least, we infer from the passing of that act of Congress—the purely local principle stood condemned for inefficiency, and it was found necessary to bring the central principle to its aid. The form in which this is done is as follows:—The Federal treasury deposits in trust with the treasurer of each State a certain sum, to be shared by the several towns of such State in proportion to the numbers of their population between the ages of three and sixteen. The principal is to remain untouched, and the grant is revocable under certain conditions specified in the Act; and one-half of the interest is the proportion usually applied to educational purposes, the remainder going to defray the expenses of the town. It is probable that, in the more recently settled States, a rate may be the only support on which the school-system rests; but surely it must be more useful to Englishmen to study those communities which have a history, and especially those whose system, though since developed under new influences, has a point of departure from our own. We find, then, in most of the New England States, a "school fund" derived from some one or more of the sources above mentioned, independent of the support derived from rates.

Yet local rates appear to have been the stimulant under which the school-system has become commensurate with the wants of the most rapidly-growing people on the face of the earth. And certainly, given a population doubling in ten years, many arguments on the question of education which were weak under a far slower rate of increase become strong, and many which were strong become weak. Local rates, then, are the agency under which it is now as easy to lay down so many more square feet of schoolroom area, and to lay on so many more teachers of this or that class, as to lay down so many more miles of rail, and apply so much more locomotive power. And the rapid spread of schools under this stimulus has overgrown and hidden that deeper historical root of education in New England to which we have referred. But to lose sight of, and then ignore or decry, the earlier method, is like forgetting our obligation to the foundation stones of the structure in whose upper stories we live. In America, although in some senses there is less liberty than here, there is more equality (leaving the negroes out of the question), and the common schools satisfy, in a general sense, the wants of every class. There is nothing for the "upper ten thousand" like our Eton and Harrow—nothing like the grand time-honoured foundations which train and mould the minds of our upper-middle class. If the question of a school-rate arises with us, it is for the million, or nearly so, of children, who, through poverty or vagabondage, are yet unschooled, that such a resource is proposed. It is evident, then, that the grand essential feature of the New England schools must be wanting here. Those schools are really managed by those who send their children to them. The citizens of Boston or New York raise the rate and allot it, send their children, appoint the masters, and examine the scholars. They are the adiles, questors, and censors of their own system, and have the same strong and equal interest in the education of their towns as we here have in the lighting or paving of ours. To attempt to imitate their system, unless we pulled down everything to make

way for it, would be to make the middle and upper classes in each town the mere trustees for the lower, in the administration of a system in which they had no interest themselves. In America, the rating, allotting, electing, appointing, &c., furnish the townspeople always with something to pay and something to do, which are the unfailing sources of the system's popularity; but even these local rates, as we have seen, were not the first, and are not the only, financial prop on which it rests.

The further we look into these records of American scholastic institutions, the more evidence we find of an early spirit quite antagonistic to the bald and tasteless platitudes which disfigure the tone of speakers and writers on modern popular education in the States. As we contemplate our brother Jonathan in his earlier years, we feel bound not to suppress the fact that his young institutions were saturated with that idea of Church and State which has long since quailed before the hundred-tongued anathemas of the platform. The language of those sad-visaged but venerable men who first made the Atlantic the bulwark of their freedom, recites, for example, the well-known "project of that old deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures, as in former times keeping them in an unknown tongue, so now by keeping them from the use of tongues;" and, with the earnest expression of a wish "that learning be not buried in the graves of our forefathers, in Church and Commonwealth," they provide for the teaching of children "to write and read."

Of the same tenor are the circumstances of the early history of the common schools in Connecticut, supplied by Mr. Barnard, the superintendent of those establishments. In 1642, the school of the town of Hartford, "the early records" of which "are lost," received "an appropriation . . . as one of the established interests of the town—a thing to be looked after as much as the roads and bridges, *the support of public worship*, and protection against the Indians." We have already shown that that State retained its endowment for the ministers of religion down to the very end of the eighteenth century, when it was abolished solely because the then House of Assembly deemed it politically inexpedient, not on any supposition of its being opposed to the Divine law or the freedom of conscience. It is plain that, in the regulations of the Pilgrim Fathers, the things of Cæsar and the things of God went hand in hand—they brought in, with practical simplicity, one budget for religion, highways, and police.

We can only give a few more samples of this quaint patriarchal legislation. We have, as late as 1715, an Act of the same Assembly, "for the more effectual suppression of Immorality and Irreligion," &c. From this we find that "the Association of the Churches in this Colony" reported to that body, amongst other interesting topics—I. "A want of Bibles in particular families;" II. "Remissness and great neglect of attendance on the public worship of God;" III. "Catechising being too much neglected in sundry places;" and we further read, to our amazement, a charge given to "the select men in the respective towns"—the same body who to this day mainly administer the educational system—to provide Bibles for families, "orthodox catechisms" for children, and treatises on the Lord's Supper for believers of a riper age. In 1742, the Assembly recites its sundry Acts made to "provide a College at New Haven, and inferior schools of learning in every town or parish, which have, by the blessing of God, been very serviceable to promote useful learning and Christian knowledge, and more especially to train up a learned and orthodox ministry for the supply of our churches." Even as late as the commencement of this century, we find it enacted by the same body, "that all parents and masters of children shall . . . teach . . . all such children . . . to know the laws against capital offences, and if unable to do so much, then at least to learn some short orthodox catechism without book." Such facts certainly merit greater publicity than they have yet received. It will perhaps be thought that this interference of the State with the individual conscience was previous to, and expelled by, the wholesome remedy of a school rate. This, however, would be an error. Rates had previously been repeatedly recognised as part of the standing resources for the support of schools, and power to raise them is expressly given to "each school society in this State," by an act of the year 1799.

On the whole, however, as the school-rate settled down into a system, it wrought a change of these primitive ideas, and the language of school enactments gradually edges away towards the "unsectarian" phraseology proper to the nineteenth century. It is curious to watch the gradual evaporation of the homely religious spirit of the first school founders in New England, as evidenced in the text of their public documents. We cannot, however, pursue the subject further at present; but we shall take a future opportunity of exhibiting the contrast between the development and the origin of the American Common-school system.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PARTY IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.

ENGLISHMEN are often struck, when conversing with foreigners, with the totally different way in which the Roman Church is regarded by enlightened politicians on this and on the other side of the Channel. The struggle of the English Liberals against the leaden bigotry of George III.—the alliance which has so long subsisted between them and the Irish Roman Catholics—and the generous feelings which prevent persons of re-

finement from speaking too harshly of a fallen enemy, all tend to make general amongst our educated classes a tolerant and almost friendly way of speaking of religionists who were so much hated by our fathers, and against whom it is so easy, at any moment, to excite the passions of the multitude. Abroad, this is not the case. On French or German Protestants, accustomed to contemplate politics rather from a European than from a national point of view, the liberal acts and professions of the Roman Church in several countries produce very little effect. We propose, therefore, to recall to the recollection of our readers some facts from the recent ecclesiastical history of France and Germany; a candid consideration of which may teach us to estimate the relative value of the strong expressions of really liberal foreigners, and similar phrases in the mouths of some persons in this country, who inveigh against the intolerance which they would be only too ready to imitate if they had the power to do so.

In most parts of France, no institution succumbed so readily to the onslaught of the revolutionary spirit as did the Roman Church; but, again, no institution struggled so fiercely for its existence as did the Church in La Vendée and the wilds of Morbihan. From the moment Napoleon began to draw nearer to Rome, and to see in the re-establishment of Christianity a bulwark for society, the efforts of the ecclesiastics were once more directed, not to self-preservation, but to the attainment of power. All through the Empire, in spite of many checks, the movement grew in strength. On the restoration of the Bourbons, the Jesuits reappeared, not, indeed, under their old name, but still with their old objects. By getting into their power existing schools, and by founding new ones; by stepping forward to fill up the ranks of the secular clergy, too few to discharge the ordinary duties; and by constant attacks against the Charter and the King, they succeeded in awaking a strong feeling in their favour, amidst a people ever prone to emotion, and ever willing to supply by religious observances the shortcomings of their morality. In 1821, the exertions of their adherents brought to the helm of affairs the Ultramontanist ministry of Villèle, which proceeded to bring in a bill for the restoration of the religious societies. An energetic opposition was made to this in the Chamber of Peers, after the Chamber of Deputies, overpowered by the influence of that vast body of the laity which had placed itself under the directions of clerical agitators, had quietly allowed it to pass. The press and the *bourgeoisie* now girded themselves for the fight in good earnest, and the ministry of Villèle gave way to the more liberal one of Martignac. The attempts which were soon made to curb the increasing power of the hierarchy raised a violent commotion, which, however, began to take a turn so serious for the interests of the Church that Leo XII. counselled submission, and bade his too zealous friends wait patiently for better times. They preferred the dangerous path of backstairs influence, and prevailed upon the misguided King to call Prince Polignac to his councils, and to make the desperate attempt of 1830. A spectator who watched the vessel which bore the exiled royal house towards the shores of England, might have been tempted to say, "Now, at least, the hierarchy has received in France a blow from which it cannot recover." He would have been much mistaken. The *bourgeoisie* had raised to the throne the man of their choice—one who had been brought up by the liberal Madame de Genlis, and who had not unlearned, in the hard school of the world, the wise lessons of his youth; but his partisans forgot that, in placing him so high, they were subjecting him to a set of influences which were wholly adverse to their views. The *bourgeois* King wished to transmit to his descendants something more than a *bourgeois* royalty. How was he to do this? The King of the French could not surround his crown with the old memories of the lilies and the oriflamme, but he saw in the Church of Rome an institution which was willing to lend to every one who supported it all the long-derived splendours with which it is graced. The usurper might become, if not King of France, at least his Most Christian Majesty.

The clergy received the first overtures of the Monarch with the utmost coldness. They knew, however, how to turn his advances to their own profit; and ere long they selected, with great judgment, the question of liberty of instruction as that on which they were to make their first great effort after the untoward events of July, 1830. They displayed less cleverness in allowing a matter which they should, if possible, have hushed up, to bring the presence of the Jesuits in the country so glaringly before the courts of law, that immediate measures were taken to enforce the statutes already existing against them. The Jesuits surrendered, but not at discretion; and it is curious to observe how their general, Father Roothan, treated with Louis Philippe almost upon equal terms. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, it seemed likely at first to overthrow, and more than to overthrow, all that the extreme ecclesiastical party had been doing for years; but this was not destined to be its effect. After all the agitations of the year of Revolutions, and those which immediately followed it, the victory remained, not with the *bourgeoisie*—not with the educated classes—but with the men of the blouse—the agricultural masses. Now, all the storms which have swept over France, from 1789 to the present hour, have left this class much as they found it. What intellectual culture it has, is still the culture of the Roman Catholic Church, and the person who influences it most is still the village curé. The extraordinary man who now administers the Democratic despotism of France, is perfectly aware of this, and from day to day places more power in eccle-

siastical hands, and sacrifices more interests to ecclesiastical influence. How long this may last, it is difficult to say. Peace between Louis Napoleon and the Roman Church there can hardly be; but when the present calm—call it peace, or call it truce—has ceased, which of the two will prevail? In the meantime, the tide is flowing back. Not now in the distant Finisterre alone, but in the capital itself, crowds flock to the churches, and the priests repeat their old adage, that Paris neither sins nor repents by halves. It is only when we look at the action of the hierarchical party as a whole, that we can foresee the future of M. de Montalembert and his friends. However estimable, however enlightened, they may be, it is impossible not to feel that the only chance they have of retaining their position as moderates is the arrival of another period of humiliation for the Roman Church in France. The arguments of M. de Falloux may be a great deal better than those of his opponents—nay, even the highest authority may, for the time, have ranged itself on his side; but we have only to take a glance at the history of the past half-century to feel certain that, unless a reaction come, the victory is reserved, not for the *Correspondant*, but for the Gondons and Veuillots—the Belials and Mammons of the faction of the *Univers*.

In Germany, a change has come over the fortunes of the Roman Church not less remarkable than that which has occurred in France. In the beginning of this century, a community of misfortune drew close the ties which connected the leading Protestant and Roman Catholic families. The views of Sailer prevailed in Westphalia, and Wessenberg was powerful in Baden. Thirty years had not passed away before Niebuhr thought he foresaw, in the not very distant future, the recommencement, upon German soil, of the religious wars which had been put an end to by the Peace of Westphalia. When Pius VII., restored to his dominions by the allies, began to look around him, he saw that by the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna he had acquired two fortresses from which he might attack the essentially Protestant monarchy of Prussia. In the east were the Polish, in the west the Rhenish provinces. Both were disaffected to the State—both were devoted to the Roman Church. In a very few years, the clergy had so thoroughly convinced the Government that the decision of the question, whether these territories should or should not become truly Prussian, lay with them and with them only, that they extorted from it the Concordat of 1821. A short truce followed this concession; but already, in 1828, the quarrel about mixed marriages had broken out. In 1830, Pius VIII. issued a very ambiguous brief upon this subject, which was, however, interpreted according to the views of the Government by the liberal Archbishop of Cologne, Spiegel von Desenberg. In 1834 a compromise took place. It was scarcely concluded when it was broken by Droste-Vischering, who succeeded Archbishop Spiegel. His example was followed by one of his brethren in Posen, and what between this and a desperate attack which was made on the semi-liberal Hermesians, all Roman Catholic Prussia was in a blaze. The conflict raged till the death of the late King of Prussia, and extended into the present reign, when a peace was concluded which left the honours of the day to the clergy. In the meantime, the agitation which had been created by the so-called martyrdom of two archbishops led to an outburst of Romanist feeling, which Bishop Arnoldi utilized by the famous demonstration at Treves. The German Catholic movement, which was the reaction from this, has not produced any considerable effect, and is suspected and checked by the Government which fears the political sentiments of its adherents. Since 1848, the state of affairs has not materially altered; but the hierarchy quietly bides its time, waiting for the battle to which one of its champions has alluded as one day to be fought “on the sands of the Mark of Brandenburg.” In Saxony—the stronghold of Protestantism, *par excellence*—one of the great objects of the present king is said to be so to remodel education that he may be able to work for the interests of his faith. The recent Concordat in Austria speaks for itself. We would only remind our readers that it is not a sudden and altogether inexplicable act, but the legitimate sequel of a series of measures which commenced with the return of the Jesuits to Vienna, in 1820, and has gone on, now in one province, now in another, ever since, checked only for a moment by the revolution of 1848. In Bavaria, the brilliant success of the clerical party, under the Abel ministry, brought down upon it one of the severest reverses which it has received in our times, and for the present its action there seems to have been weakened if not paralyzed. In Baden, it has been able in these last years to fight a long and desperate battle with the civil power.

It may be said, and no doubt with truth, that in many cases the Roman Church has only been allowed to obtain power in order to further the private ends of the dominant party in the State. No one suspects Louis Napoleon or Metternich of any great love of the clergy for their own sake; but the power which is given for one purpose is exercised for another, and it is impossible to deny that the position of Continental Romanism, with reference to Protestantism, at the present moment, is a far stronger one than it was fifty years ago. It is well that we should all know this, and prove that we know it, not by listening to the suggestions of clamorous bigots who would re-introduce obsolete and odious prejudices, but by looking to our own position, and by asking ourselves if there are any, and what, measures which may strengthen our own hands, and serve to maintain a protest against the increasing power of Ultramontanism on the Continent.

## REVIEWS.

## THE ALBANIANS.\*

FROM the south-eastern coast of the Adriatic, between the thirty-ninth and forty-third degrees of north latitude, there rises a land, ridged with knotted mountain-chains, and inhabited by a race of warriors whose origin is a problem for ethnologists—whose language, till lately considered isolated, is full of interest to comparative philologists—and whose social and religious condition deserves the attention of all who, though not scientific, hold, with Chremes in the play, that nothing human is alien to men. For the sake of these three classes of readers, we shall here set down some of the results of a perusal of M. Chopin's pleasant compilation, and of Dr. von Hahn's exhaustive work, on this singular people, their manners and customs, superstitions, language, and literature.

The Albanians call their country Shkyiperia or Shkyipenia, and themselves Shkyipetars, which may possibly be a participial derivative from *shkyipetoi*, a lengthened form of *shkyipoig*, “I understand” (seil, the Albanian tongue)—as the name of the Slavonians, according to some etymologists, means “intelligibly speaking,” from *slovo*, a word. The root *shkyip* may also be connected with *shkop*, staff (Gr. *σκῆπτρον*), so that Shkyipetars would mean sceptre-bearers, chieftains—or with *shkeptin*, lightning, or *shkapteri*, eagles—from either of which cognate words a race of mountain-warriors, swooping suddenly on their foes, might fitly derive their national appellation. Less doubt hangs over the source of the word “Albania,” which is simply a modification of Arberia, or Arbenia, the native name of a hilly district in the centre of the ancient Chaonia. The Turkish “Arnaout” is merely the Romaic *Αρβανίτης*, or, by metathesis, *Arnavit-es*.

As to the origin of the Albanians, some investigators have in despair set them down as autochthonous. Others believe in their descent from a colony of Colchians, who emigrated at the time of Jason's expedition, and founded a city on the coast of Macedonian Illyria—the bricks, or stones, of Colchium (Dulcigno) remaining to this day to testify to the truth of the tradition. Von Hahn's theory is that the Epirots of Pyrrhus and Scanderbeg, the Macedonians and the Illyrians, were of one and the same stock, which is now represented by the Albanians, and that the Epirots and the Macedonians formed the kernel of the Tyrrheno-Pelasgian race. For the elaborate arguments by which these theses are supported, we can only refer the reader to the original work. The reasoning rests on the documentary evidence furnished by Herodotus and Strabo, *passim*, Eschylus (*Suppliantes*, 250-260), Plutarch (*Pyrrhus*), Justin, *Ælian* and others, as well as on the facility with which most of the names of the ancient tribes and localities of Illyria and Epirus can be explained by means of the modern Albanian.

In Albania, the Shkyipetar race is divided into two great stems—the Toskish, which extends over the southern part of the country, including the Berat district, and which probably corresponds with the ancient Epirote, and the Gegish, which occupies the north and centre, and apparently represents the old Illyrian. Each of these stems branches out into numerous clans, the dialect spoken by the Toskish tribes differing from that used by the Gegish to about the same extent that High German differs from Platt-Deutsch. The word *Tos-k*, strangely like *Tuscus* for *Turcas*, is derived by Von Hahn from *tues*, “runner,” “charger.” Can *Tusci* be simply a Tyrrheno-Pelasgian translation of *Ras-ena*, the name by which the Etrurians<sup>†</sup> called themselves, and which Dr. Donaldson (*Varroianus*, 2nd ed. p. 69) explains by means of the Icelandic—at *rasa* in that language signifying “to run”? The source of the word “Geg” is still undiscovered. By the Albanian form Von Hahn sets the Latin *gens*, *Gegania*. The Gegs, among whom Islam and Catholic Christianity prevail, are tall, dark-eyed, bony, and athletic. Their women, proud and stately, with pistols in their girdles and fierce dogs by their sides, are worthy, says M. Chopin, to be the wives and mothers of warriors. The Tosks are blue-eyed, slender, and comparatively refined, and some of their females are models of grace and beauty. Islam and the Christianity of the Greek church prevail among them. It is hardly necessary to say that a rancorous hostility, of which the Porte knows how to take advantage, exists between the Toskish clans on the one side and the Gegish on the other.

The Shkyipetars are by no means confined to Albania. There are colonies of them in Bulgaria, Dalmatia, Istria, Naples, Sicily, and Asia Minor; and for some fourteen or fifteen centuries they have constituted one-fifth of the population of continental Greece, where they speak the Tshamish dialect, and the whole of that of some of the islands, such as Suli and Hydra. Wherever settled, however, they seem to retain their national characteristics and primitive manners, the instincts and customs of their clan-life among the mountains. Generous and hospitable, hardy and frugal, with a strong sense of the sacredness of family ties, they

\* *Provinces Danoises et Roumaines*. Par MM. Chopin et Ubici. [Provinces Danoises. Livre 3<sup>e</sup>, Illyrie Macédonienne. Par M. Chopin.] Paris: Didot. 1856.

<sup>†</sup> Etruria, or Hetruria is derived by Von Hahn from *eyeteroure-ia*, “old land.” Cf. Volscus with *Εὐερούρειος*, *vitalus* with *italos*.

are yet cruel, fanatical, and revengeful, and would consider robbery an important branch of the national industry if they were capable of forming the conception of a nation. But they seem never to have attained to any political idea higher than that of clanship; and on this, at least in Albania, their social organization is founded.

The Albanian is always armed, and generally fighting. When war is resolved on, the chiefs send the enemy a threateningmissive, the four corners of which are burnt, to symbolize the complete destruction by fire which awaits his property. Cattle-lifting then follows, their speeches on the field of combat in the Homeric fashion, and then the battle—the victors burning their enemies' houses, and carrying off the survivors into slavery. Negotiations respecting war and peace are conducted by women, whose persons are looked on as sacred. During battle, they fling stones from the heights, or accompany their husbands into the *mélée*, remove their own dead and wounded, strip and decapitate their fallen foes. In private life, however, they stand in the inferior position usual where female development is precocious and old age premature. The daughters of a father who dies leaving sons, take no share in his real or personal estate; and when there are no sons, they are merely entitled to his chattels, the lands devolving on his nearest *agnati*. This inequality cannot be removed by any exercise of testamentary power, which is unknown in Albania—the legacies sometimes left to the Church by a Christian Albanian being invalid without his children's consent. The sole resource of the Albanian woman is, therefore, marriage, which rite is generally performed in her twelfth year—betrothal, owing to a belief that God's favour is especially shown to males when affianced, having often taken place almost in the cradle. The wife brings no dowry to the husband—she does not even preserve the clothes she wore in her maidenhood. The husband buys her with a *trousseau*, a wedding-dress, a gold-embroidered fez, and a sum not exceeding 100 piastres.

The marriage ceremony lasts for more than a week, and abounds in singular formulae and symbolisms. The bride's mother, for instance, receives the bridegroom at her door, holding a vase of pure water. With a nosegay dipped into this she sprinkles the bridal pair. The bride, who is carried off with appearance offorce, on leaving her home bends thrice to the right and left, to show that her departure will not put an end to her love and veneration for her kinsfolk. On arriving at his house, the bridegroom's mother flings handfuls of rice on the couple—a symbol of future abundance and wealth. In the doorway above their heads is held a hoop, beneath which they pass, crouching and holding each other's hands. The hoop is then broken above them, to show that death alone can part them. The bride and bridegroom thrice alternately bite a piece of bread covered with honey—the bride suggesting her comparatively joyless existence by scarcely touching the pleasant food, while the husband manifests no reserve in the matter.

The delight in symbolism which these and other customs indicate, is also evidenced in the mode of forming the tie of brotherhood—an institution prevalent in pagan Scandinavia, in mediæval Europe (see Ducange Gloss. *Fratres Conjurati*), among the Vandois, and still in Greece and Servia. The priest reads the appropriate prayer over the two friends, who then gash one another, and each drinks two drops of the other's blood. In connexion with this subject, we may mention that, among the Gegish clans a practice like the Dorian *taudepaoria* is widely prevalent—the sentiment being, according to Von Hahn, in general pure and elevated.

Among the Albanian superstitions we find some, like the beliefs in the evil eye, vampyrism, men with tails, &c., common to other European nations. Beautiful mountain-elves, too, there are, who carry off handsome boys to their dances, and strangle them if they prize of the favour—also, three invisible *Fatite*, who, on the third day after a child's birth, come to its bed, and, like the *Moipai*, decide on its fate—and a *Mauthia*, a golden-robed fairy, with a jewelled fez, which, like the Irish Leprechaun's purse, confers endless prosperity on whoever succeeds in stealing it. But the following seem quite peculiar to Albania:—

1. Among the Gegish clans, many men and women, who have passed their hundredth year, acquire the property of killing their fellow-creatures with their breath. When recognised, these *strighes*, as they are called, are doomed to be burnt alive. This frequently happens during the prevalence of plague and other epidemics.

2. The *Drangonias* are human beings, born with tumours on their shoulders, of the nature of hair or feathers. They are thus enabled to fly, or at least to take enormous leaps. Their mothers must carefully conceal their children's gifts, for if a stranger observe them, the children die, though in any case they are not long-lived. In stormy nights, such children rise from their cradles and pallets to fight the dragons (*koutschedre*). So fierce is the contest, that the Drangonias uproot whole trees, with which they smite their opponents. Next morning you find these weapons strewn about the battle-ground.

3. *Te raphte pikka*, May the drop fall on thee! When the angels were falling from heaven into the abyss, the archangel Gabriel ordered a halt, and everything remained motionless, just as it was that moment. Some of the fallen ones have stayed, accordingly, under the earth; others are lying upon it; and the rest remained hovering above it. The tears of repentance which the last shed fall upon the earth, and if a drop strikes any human being, he dies forthwith.

4. The Devil lies fettered by a monstrous chain, which is fastened to a rock. All the year long he gnaws at this chain, and on the eve of Easter Sunday it hangs together scarcely by a thin bean-leaf. But on the morning of Easter Sunday the Saviour appears, and fetters him by a new chain. (Von Hahn, Part i. pp. 163, 165.)

The most valuable section of Dr. Von Hahn's work is his

grammar of the Toskish dialect. On first perusing this, as well as the tabulated vocabularies given by M. Chopin, we came to the conclusion that Albanian was one of the Indo-European family, and not, as is usually asserted, an isolated language, like the Basque. This view we have since found taken, not only by Xylander (*Die Sprache der Albanesen*, 1835) but by perhaps the greatest living comparative philologer, Franz Bopp, who, in a paper recently read before the Berlin Academy of Sciences,\* supports his opinion by a masterly analysis of the Albanian declensional inflections, the person-endings, the tense-system, the terminations of the passive, the pronouns, the formation of the adverbs, adjectives and abstract nouns, and the numerals. Among these last, one, *ghyash-te*, six—where the *te*, like the *m* in *decem*, originally belonged to the ordinal number—seems more archaic than the Sanskrit *shash*, a mutilated form of *kshash*, as appears from the Zend *khsvas*; and two others, *nyezet*, 20, and *duzet*, 40, are interesting as retaining the *-shati*, in the Sanskrit *vinshati*, 20, whence also probably the Osetic *zet*, 20. Of the ordinals, *pare*, our *fir-st*, the superlative of *fore*, is the Sanskrit *pára-s*, the highest; and the others deserve notice as illustrating the theory that their termination was originally the superlative *-tam*—of which the *-m* only remains in two (*nyezetm*, *duzetm*), the *i* in the others. Finally we may note the existence in Albanian of two Indo-European substantive verbs—that containing the Sanskrit root *as*, Latin *es*, in *yam*, *ishte*, “am,” “is,” as well as in aorists conjunctive, like *kerko-ph-sha*—where any philologist will also recognise the other Sanskrit root *bhú*, Latin *fu*, as in *amaverim* (= ultimately, *ama-fue-si-m*.)

Dr. Von Hahn, however, is more anxious to support his theory of the Pelasgic origin of the Albanians by means of etymologies drawn from their language, than to establish its claims to be considered Indo-European. Reminding us that, in the elementary worship of the Pelasgians, the names of their deities were significant, he inquires whether the modern Pelasgic, as he calls Albanian, can furnish words not only identical with these appellations, but also expressive of the natures of the deities to whom they were appropriated. Ouranos—properly, it seems, “a misty sky”—is from *vrane*, gloomy. *Vranes*, usually “a gloomy man,” would, says Von Hahn, be understood by any Geg as also equivalent to *νεφεληγέρα*. Rhea, the Titaness, daughter of Heaven and Earth, is *re-ya*, the cloud. From *krou[n]a*, source, in the plural *krony-ete*, comes the name of Kronos, her husband; and the myth of his devouring his children—the raindrops—would thus admit of an easy explanation. *Det-i*, the sea, gave rise to Thetis. Atlas takes his name from *hatte*—what is placed on the rafters of a house to support the tiles. From *ntsyeres*, bringer-forth, comes Ceres, who draws all germs from the soil; and her daughter *Kórho*, Proserpine, is *korre-a*, harvest. Themis, the earliest possessor of the Greek oracles, is “the speaker,” from *them*, “I speak” (compare the old Persian *tha*, “to speak”), and this was originally the reason for placing her statue opposite the tribune of the Athenian orators. Nemesis is *nemes-i*, a curser. The Greek patriarch Deucalion is *deou-kalion*, “earth-haulm,” *γγερίς* (cf. “un beau brin de fille.”) Passing to Italy, Ruana, the Roman rural deity who kept the grain in the ear, takes her name from *e rouara*, “keeping;” Pales, who blessed cattle with fecundity, is *pytles*, begetter; and the Etrurian Bacchus, Tinea, is “barrel-god,” from *Tine-a*, a large wine-cask.

Leaving these ingenious speculations for more reliable matter, we may now consider the specimens of Albanian literature in prose and verse, which form one section of Dr. Von Hahn's volume. The prose is chiefly Toskish, and consists of five popular tales, and a collection of proverbs and riddles. These tales want interest and invention. They seem to have been taken down from the lips of some half-educated man, afraid of injuring his dignity by the recital of children's stories. The literary powers of the Albanians are better represented by some of the following proverbs:—

1. A good horse is known even under a bad horse-cloth. 2. The white *para* for the black day. 3. When your wallet has figs in it, all the world are friends. 4. He that has tongs does not burn his hand. 5. The ass's bray never reaches heaven. 6. Sharp vinegar destroys its vessel. 7. He that hath no man [as friend] hath no God. 8. Two cats conquer a bear. 9. Find the hare, and take off his breeches [it's ill, takin' the breeks off a Hielanman]. 10. Where many spit a river flows [many a little, &c.]. 11. Who digs a grave for another often falls into it himself. 12. Two cocks never sit on one dunghill. 13. Who loiters goes further [*chi ea piano*, &c.]. 14. Better know much than have much. 15. He that climbs height sees a precipice. 16. What the belly holds the glass draws forth [*in vaso veritas*]. 17. Misfortune brings thee to thy foeman's door. 18. The cherry falls near the cherry-tree. 19. The blockhead has no horns [fools not easily recognised]. 20. If thou hast no friend, consult thy staff [do nothing without advice]. 21. Better an egg to-day than a hen next year. 22. To a child that weeps not, the mother does not give the breast [the modern Greeks say *όπως δέν θυλάτι, τὸν θάπτουν γουτσανός*—who does not speak, him they bury alive.]

The poetry of Albania consists of choral-songs, love-songs, dirges, children's songs, and what a German would call *Heimwehlieder*. With most of these we have been disappointed. The vigorous organization and adventurous life of the Shkyipetar would, one might have thought, have enabled him to take high rank in popular minstrelsy. The shortcomings of the language may perhaps account for his failure—an excellent musician, as Lord Bacon says, being unable to utter himself on an imperfect

\* *Über das Albanesische in seinen verwandschaftlichen Beziehungen*. Berlin: 1855.

instrument. The following dirges, however, deserve quotation—the originals are in rhymed trochaics:—

1. ON DERVEN AGA, WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

Ab, woe, O Derven Aga! thou hast left thy brave ones like dead men; thy sword, which is hung up, asketh, "Where is my lord, that he may draw me?" In the stall thy stallion neigheth. He saith: "What is become of my lord? let him come to me, saddle me, mount me, and ride forth to take the air."

2. A BRIDE'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, WHO WAS SHOT DEAD ON THE WEDDING NIGHT.

On this night of the bridal bed the grain of the musket [the bullet] smote thee on the face of thy vest. The whole kindred wailed, for ye bewail your kinsfolk. I am a stranger being. Yesterday I came, to-day I go: yesterday adorned with spangles; to-day with loosened hair.

3. ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG ALBANIAN SOLDIER.

I fell, O comrades, I fell on the far side of the bridge of Kyabeso. Greet my mother for me: let her sell the two oxen, and give the money to the young [girl]. If my mother ask after me, tell her that I have married. If she ask what bride I have taken, [tell her] three bullets in my breast, six in my feet and arms. If she ask what relations came [to the wedding-feast, tell her] crows and ravens devoured it.

This may be compared with the closing lines of the old Romane ballad, *The Klepht's Last Farewell* (Fauriel, i. 50).

Dash down upon the river-bank, and down upon the margin,  
Plunge in and ply your arms for oars, and bend your breast for rudder,  
And let your slender body be a boat upon the water.  
God and the Holy Virgin send you swimming safely!  
That you may come upon our post, where we are holding council,  
Where once we roasted two he-goats, Floras and Tombras also.  
If any of my comrades come to ask how I am faring,  
O tell them not that I have fall'n, that I am dead, unhappy!  
Say only that I'm married in the desert land of strangers—  
A flat stone for my mother-in-law, the black earth for my helmate,  
And for her brother I have got the pebbles altogether.

Besides their peasant-minstrels, the northern Albanians can boast of Nesim Bey, a poet, a man of learning, and especially well-read in the Persian and Arabic literatures. Judging, however, from Dr. von Hahn's literal versions of Nesim's erotic poems, his productions are so full of Oriental tumidity and extravagance as to be undeserving of translation. We prefer to conclude by quoting a theological rebuff which he once administered to some Turkish zealots:—

Thenceforward Nesim Bey abode at Berat, in the house of Lesh Kadi. After some time he fell sick, and became insane. In this condition he composed a song, in which he compared his beloved's eyebrows to the vault of the Kaaba, the most sacred of objects in the eyes of a Mahometan. The Turks, seeing blasphemy in this comparison, determined to kill him. With this intention they pressed into the room where he was lying sick. Nesim Bey raised himself up, and asked, "Who made man and every part of him?" They answered, "Allah." He asked further, "Who built the vault of the Kaaba, God's hand or man's?" They answered, "Man's." Then the poet smiled and said, "And ye impute blasphemy to me for that I have compared God's work with man's." They then shrank back confounded. But Nesim died soon after.

P E R T H E S.\*  
Second Notice.

THE health of Caroline Perthes had been broken by the anxieties and hardships of the War of Liberation. After some years of suffering, she died in the autumn of 1821. Her life had been the tie which bound her husband to Hamburg; and when he lost her, he determined to quit the place where he had won influence and some measure of wealth, and to establish a new business of a less active kind in a more central part of Germany. An arrangement was made with his partner Besser, and with Mauke, who had long been his principal assistant. Early in 1822, he arrived in Gotha, which he had chosen as his new home. The change was a curious one. He left a bustling and populous seaport for a little city of 12,000 inhabitants—a mercantile republic for the capital of a duchy.

Gotha forms a crescent at the foot of the Schlossberg, from whose summit the palace of Friedenstein looks down on a green and fertile plain, and southwards to the glorious extent of the forest of Thuringia. Park-like grounds, rich in old trees, grassy slopes, and flourishing plantations, front the town on the opposite side, sheltering the remarkably fine orangery of the ducal palace, together with many a pleasant pavilion, and giving to Gotha the appearance of standing in the midst of a spacious park. On the other hand, the narrow stream of the Leine, diverted with much skill from the hills, rather displays than supplies the want of water in the district; and the wide extent of treeless level ground between the forest and the town, intersected, at the period of which we speak, by no good roads, removes the mountain range to a considerable distance.

The Revolution and all the subsequent troubles had passed quietly over the little State; and even when Perthes took up his residence in it, many rules and customs recalled the years previous to 1789. Every evening, the streets of one-storyed houses were full of cattle returning from pasture; and every night the watchman blew his horn, and cried—

Put out fire, and put out light,  
That no evil chance to-night,  
And praise we God the Lord!

The town-toll, and the fee for the long obsolete Weimar escort, were still rigorously exacted from the waggoners who went by to Frankfort or to Leipzig; and the choristers of the Gymnasium still sang from door to door, to collect money to defray the

\* *Memoirs of Frederick Perthes; or, Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany, from 1789 to 1843.* From the German of C. T. Perthes. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

expenses of their education. It was not till Perthes had resided for three years in Gotha that the first diligence entered the city. Backward as were all the social arrangements, the society of the little capital could, nevertheless, boast many learned men, and the schools were famous far and wide. After settling the details of his life, providing for the education of his children, and paying a business visit to Leipzig, Perthes began his new calling as an historical and theological publisher. He entered with warm interest into Stein's great scheme for collecting the sources of German history, and gave their due meed of praise to Dr. Pertz and the other able men who were employed in carrying out the idea of the Prussian statesman. But something more was wanted. A collection of documents, however valuable, was not suited for the educated many, but merely for the class of historians by profession. Perthes proposed to publish a history of the States of Europe, assigning each part of the work to some author whose honesty and learning could be depended on. Ukert became the working editor; Heeren gave his advice and the prestige of his erudition; but five years of correspondence and trouble passed before Perthes was able to announce, in 1827, the great historical work which he had contemplated in 1822. In 1829, the first part appeared. Soon after settling at Gotha, Perthes wrote to Neander—"Your Julian is only a fragment—will you not extend the fragment into a whole?" These words, Neander often declared, gave him the first idea of his *Universal History of the Christian Religion and Church*. The first part of this celebrated book was published in 1825. About the same time, Perthes began to issue a large selection from the writings of Luther, and later he, with Ullmann, Umbreit, Lücke, and Nitzsch, set on foot the *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*. When he died, the editors of that famous periodical wrote, "Perthes was more than our publisher; he was our counsellor and fellow-labourer." The mention of these works may serve to show the character of the business which was now carried on by Perthes. It brought him into contact with many eminent men, and their society and letters assisted him in cultivating himself. He began, after his arrival in Gotha, to read history carefully. At this time, he wrote to Niebuhr—"I every day marvel more at the immense mass of what I do not know. Other men's studies precede their experience, with me it is just the contrary." The part of Goethe's autobiography which was published about this time, interested him much. It is worth observing that he thanked the great poet in a letter for all he had said about the Princess Gallitzin. In 1824, Perthes saw Niebuhr for the first time after the quarrel which had, on political grounds, taken place between them ten years before. They met as old friends, for Niebuhr, though irritable and gloomy, had a great deal of heart. After this interview, Perthes writes of him very truly—"The wealth of his intellect and the extent of his knowledge are absolutely appalling; but his knowledge of the present is only the result of historical inquiry and political calculations—he does not understand individual or national life." Niebuhr, himself, would not admit this: "I do know and understand the people," he said. "I read, and inquire, and hear, and my residence abroad has afforded me an impartial point of view."

Perthes had long been familiar with the writings of Hamann, and during the earlier part of his residence at Gotha he began to study those of Tauler. The ideas of these remarkable men found an answering echo in his own breast; but he had to listen to severe criticisms from friends who, having less in them of the mystical element, disliked both the reformer before the reformation, and the seer of the eighteenth century. To his reading of these authors Perthes added also a careful study of the Bible, for which, when in Hamburg, he had had no time. He wrote essays on divinity by way of defining his own views, and corresponded on this subject with Protestants like Neander and Olshauser, and with Roman Catholics like the Countess Sophie Stolberg and Frederick Schlegel. To the last, however, the want of a good early education seems to have stood much in his way. He saw this himself, and it is more apparent to one who reads his life than it was to him.

On the 15th of May, 1825, he married his second wife, Charlotte Becker, the widow of Heinrich Hornbostel, a Viennese merchant. The necessity of providing for his own children by this second marriage, and the care of his stepchildren, diverted him a good deal from self-improvement, and plunged him anew in a most active career. He continued, however, to read to a certain extent, and received many visits from remarkable men. His love for nature seems to have increased as he grew older, and the yearnings which had in youth taken the form of aspirations after perfect virtue, began more and more to be turned towards the undiscovered country which his native language so expressively calls "the other side." "Besser's death," he says, "has increased the number of those who attract me to the other world. Manifold indeed is the attraction: my Caroline and Besser stand beside each other, and the old Schwarzburg lieutenant-colonel, who was the fatherlike guide of my youth; and my first love, Frederika, then Claudio and Jacobi; then my children who died young." Meantime, his family was spreading. His eldest son had become a clergyman, his second son was established as a University tutor in Bonn; and four of his daughters were married. Political and religious controversies of the most bitter kind raged under the calm surface of German society, and occupied much of his thoughts. Some hundred pages of the second volume of this work are devoted to collecting the opinions of

Perthes and his correspondents upon these subjects, and are, though not perhaps extraordinarily valuable to the general reader, really brimful of information for those who wish to have a comprehensive view of European politics.

In 1837, Perthes took a small house at Friedrichroda, in the Thuringian forest, and passed henceforward a part of every summer among the old firs and mountain tarns which girdle the castle of the Dukes of Coburg-Gotha. Tholuck Marheineke and De Wette used to come to see him there, and the Duke and his family treated him with great kindness and respect. In 1834, he revisited Ratisbon, and went once more to Vienna. Almost all his old acquaintances were dead, and the people he met were chiefly merchants. This fact explains some of his views about Austria, which have not been justified by events. Now, as then, there is considerable industrial activity in the empire. Whether there is much to be hoped from this by friends of the House of Hapsburg is quite another question. After his return from Vienna, Perthes ceased to travel. The more stationary his life became, the better he loved his quiet retreat in Friedrichroda, and now the symptoms of old age began to come fast upon him. His own life, as he looked back on it, seemed to him very long, and one by one his friends were falling round him. Niebuhr had died in 1831, Goethe in 1832, Schleiermacher in 1834, Niccolovius in 1839, Thibant in 1840. In 1841, Schelling came to visit him. "We had not seen each other," he writes, "since 1798. The slender, black-haired, Swabian youth stood before me as a robust old man, with snow-white head, but just as cordially frank and plain-spoken as before. We talked over our old experiences and present feelings, and did not know how to part." His age, however, was a hale and vigorous one. In 1842, when past seventy, he could "still walk for hours over hill and dale, and work from eight to ten hours without tiring his eyes." On Christmas Eve, 1843, he gathered round him his children and grandchildren, forty-nine in all, and enjoyed himself with youthful glee amongst them. We wish that the curtain had fallen here, and that we had seen for the last time the good old man, strong in health, and clear in head, reaping the rewards of a well-spent life. Unfortunately, biographers never know when to stop; and we have the whole story of Perthes's last illness and death detailed in the concluding chapter. Those who like that kind of reading, may look for it there. We will only add that he died on the 18th of May, 1844, and was buried in the churchyard of Gotha.

If this book arrives, as we hope it soon may, at a second edition, it may be worth while to go carefully over the translation. Amongst other things, we would suggest to the translator to turn to p. 336 of the first volume, and then to look up in an encyclopedia, the name of Abraham à Santa Clara. There are in the work some faults of arrangement, but faults which it would not be easy to remedy without altering its character. With all its imperfections—and like Perthes himself, it has a good many—it is a perfect mine of valuable matter, and a most precious addition to our knowledge of the days of our fathers and of ourselves.

#### A NEAPOLITAN NOVEL.\*

HOW beautiful in theory is a paternal Government! How happy must be the country in which such fatherly care is exercised to preserve the morals of the people free from taint, that not a single book can reach their hands until it has been submitted to the strictest examination by a Revisor Royal, and has received the signature of the President and Secretary of the Council of State! It is difficult to believe that Europe contains such a Utopia—but so it is. The country is the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the people who are blessed with such fatherly supervision are the subjects of King Ferdinand. Are any of our readers still incredulous? Then let them read the following official license, printed in the last page of each of the three volumes of the novel before us:—

General Council of Public Instruction,  
Naples, 18th April, 1855.

Having seen the request of the printer, Giuseppe Siciliani, asking permission to print the work, *Il Conte di Castel Moresco*, a Romance, by Francesco Mastriani;

Having seen the opinion of the Revisor Royal, P. M. Gennaro Marasco; Permission is granted to print the above-named work, it being understood that it is not to be reprinted without a second permission, that will not be given unless the aforesaid Revisor Royal shall first have attested that he has ascertained by collation that the edition is the same as the original and already approved copy.

(Signed) The Councillor of State, President Prov<sup>r</sup>,  
CAV. CAPO MEYZA.

The General Secretary,  
GIUSEPPE PIETROCOLA.

Neapolitan authors must tremble, we should imagine, when they reflect upon the ordeal which their works must go through ere they will be permitted to see the light. Moreover, it seems but natural to suppose that the moral effects produced by so vigilant a surveillance over the literature—especially the novel literature—of a country can be neither insignificant nor superficial. One would expect to find only the highest principles advocated, all representations of vice banished, and nothing permitted to

\* *Il Conte di Castel Moresco*. Romanza di Francesco Mastriani. Napoli: 1855.

appear that could tend to deteriorate the morals of the people. Otherwise, what is the meaning of an official authorization—of what benefit the labours of a Revisor Royal—of what use the approving sanction of the President and Secretary of the Council of State? We cannot but assume, therefore, that all works published in the kingdom of Naples contain nothing which is not in accordance with the notions of religion and morality held by the educational authorities. Bearing this in mind, let us examine the romance of the *Conte di Castel Moresco*, and by it judge of the morals of a Government which considers such a work worthy of its *imprimatur* and approving sanction.

The book opens with a description of a terrible disaster which has befallen the village of Piazza, situated near Castellamare. An avalanche has overwhelmed it, destroyed nearly all the houses, and killed many of the inhabitants. The day after these events have occurred, the Count di Giglio, a Neapolitan noble, visits the scene of the calamity, and finds among the survivors a youth named Luigi Montero, who has lost all his relations, and is left completely desolate. The Count takes pity on him, bids him follow him, gives him a home in his palace, and brings him up as his own son. Years pass on. The *fête* day of the Count di Giglio arrives, when he is suddenly summoned to attend the death-bed of a poor woman, who has sent to tell him that she has something of importance to communicate to him respecting his family. He has never heard of her before, but he at once follows the messenger, suspecting that what the dying woman has to tell him will most likely concern Luigi Montero, who had robbed him some months before, and then fled from his house. He finds Rosa Fursioni, for so the woman is called, in a wretched dwelling, situated in an obscure district of Naples. She is scarcely able to speak to him, but he learns from the messenger that she had lived a solitary life, and that no one had been accustomed to visit her, until, one day, a lady made her appearance, bringing with her an infant a year old, whom she left with her. The Count's heart beats fast on receiving this intelligence. He believes he is on the point of having some terrible secret disclosed to him, for he had no sooner looked at the babe who was lying beside the dying woman, than he had been struck with its resemblance to Luigi Montero. He next inquires from her whether she knows the name of Luigi—whereupon she starts up, attempts to speak, and again falls back senseless on her bed. Meanwhile, the messenger tells the Count that it was in obedience to her confessor's desire that he had been sent for; and on hearing this, and finding that Rosa still cannot speak, he promises to take care of the child. Again she raises herself up in bed, and this time articulates, with a clear, distinct voice, *Figlio di vostra*—and ere she can conclude the sentence, expires.

The Count then returns to his palace, taking with him the infant, which he commits to the care of his faithful servant, Andrea. His heart is oppressed with anguish, for he cannot help suspecting that his daughter, Agar del Giglio, is the mother of the child; for he remembers how, for a long time past, she had shunned his presence, and how she had been seized with illness during a long visit she had paid to her aunt, the year before. Seated in his study, he is meditating on all these things, when he hears a knock at the door. It is Agar herself, who comes with tearful eyes and trembling voice, to beg a favour of him. At first she can scarcely speak; but after a while she tells him that she has come to ask him to receive into his house a child in whom she is interested, and whose mother has just died. The Count answers that he has seen it—that he has but now returned from the mother's death-bed; and he then leads her to the couch where the child is laid, when she instantly falls down on her knees before it, exclaiming in her agony, "My son, my son." The next moment she faints—fever comes on—and for some time her life is despaired of; but at last she recovers, and distracted by the thought of the misery she has brought upon her father and sister (her mother had died many years before) she resolves to fly instantly, and to take her child with her. The night is wintry and tempestuous. Exhausted by fatigue, and starved with cold, she can hardly totter along the road. The darkness becomes more and more dense—she knows not where she is, and at last falls into a piece of water. How long she remains there she knows not, but when she regains her senses she is alone—her child has been stolen from her. Here the first part concludes.

The second part introduces us to the Palace of Armando di Voltierra, Conte di Castel Moresco. The month is April—the year 1828—the time a few days after the events we have just been describing. Great rejoicings are going on in the Palace, for an heir has been born to the Count, who had been married four years without offspring. An attendant is wanted for the young heir, and the Prince de B. recommends a young lady with whom he had accidentally become acquainted while staying at Capodimonte. Negotiations are accordingly entered into with Adele Parini, and she agrees to accept the situation. The Count and Countess receive her with the utmost kindness, but she is no sooner taken to see the infant heir than she discovers that it is her own son, for the young lady is no other than Agar del Giglio. She determines, however, to keep the secret to herself; and when the Count, struck by her beauty and the elegance of her manners, assures her that she shall always be treated as the sister and companion of his wife, and shall ever find a home in their house, she is overpowered by joy and gratitude at the thought that she shall never be separated from

her child. It is now necessary to explain why the Count had been induced to commit a fraud with regard to his heir. In his early youth, Armando had fallen deeply in love with a beautiful Calabrese peasant; and his father, a vile and brutal man, on his refusing to marry any one but Maddalena, had disinherited him, and left the estates to his younger brother, Giovanni—though they were to pass to Armando's child, in the event of his having any, and he was to be allowed a certain sum for the education of the heir. Maddalena is then murdered; and Armando accuses his father of having instigated the deed. A terrible scene ensues, which ends in his flying from his father's house. Threatened by poverty, his necessities at last oblige him to marry a young lady of Spanish extraction, rich and beautiful. Time passes on, and it becomes more and more important that Armando should have an heir, as he has borrowed largely from usurers in the expectation of being able to repay them by what he should receive for the maintenance of a child. He is just beginning to despair when a friend of his, a Florentine doctor, proposes to procure a child from the Foundling Hospital and to palm it off upon the world as his own. This is accordingly done, and hence the introduction of Agar's child, which had been found lying in its mother's arms beside the pond by a countrywoman, who had taken it to the hospital, stating that its mother was dead. Some time before this period, the Countess Eugenia had perceived that her husband did not love her; and Agar had not been long an inmate of the household ere she confided her sorrow to her, telling her that she had just seen a paper written by the Count in which he had thus expressed himself:—"At thirty-six years of age, at the period when illusions cease, when cold reason asserts its dominion, I am the victim of the most despairing passion. Oh my God! how horrible it is to love at thirty-six years of age—to love with all the strength of youth—to love with all the fervour of passion—and yet to feel conscience reproving such love as a crime." The Countess further informs Agar that she has seen the portrait of the lady, which is in fact the portrait of Maddalena, while the paper refers to Agar. Eugenia of course is ignorant of both these circumstances, and the suspicions which Agar had at first entertained that she was the object of the Count's passion are disarmed by finding that the portrait is not one of herself.

One day, Armando happens to mention, in Agar's presence, that the Count del Giglio has become insane. The intelligence no sooner reaches her ears than she faints away; but nothing in her conduct leads the Count or Countess to suspect that she is his daughter. However, she cannot bear to deceive them any longer; and she accordingly sends, not for the Countess (as, under the circumstances, might have seemed most natural), but for the Count, to her bedside, when she informs him that she is "the unfortunate but innocent Agar del Giglio"—that since the day her lover debauched her she had never seen him—and that her child had been stolen from her on the night of her flight from her father's house. Armando swears to avenge her, and persuades her to tell him more at length the story of her love. She states how she had helped Luigi Montero to rob her father, whilst she owns that she loves him still. Then, from the Count's passionate words, she finds that her former suspicions had been but too well founded, and she half fears that she ought to leave his house, yet she cannot bear to be parted from her child.

At this juncture Luigi Montero makes his appearance, and gains admission into the palace, not knowing that Agar is an inmate of it. His purpose is a vile one—nothing less than the murder of the infant heir; but when he finds that Agar is installed as its attendant, he is astounded. Then he offers to marry her; but she will not leave the palace, because of the child, who, she tells him, is ill. This news delights Luigi, who, ere Agar is aware, puts some poison into the infant's medicine. While he is conversing with Agar, the Count enters the room, and Luigi introduces himself to him as a physician whom Agar had sent for. The Count, imagining him to be a lover of Agar's, boils over with jealous rage which he can scarcely restrain; and Luigi has hardly quitted the palace ere he pours out the confession of his love. Meanwhile, the child is seized with convulsions; and the exhibition of Agar's affection for it, and her anguish in seeing it suffer, excite the Count's admiration to a still higher pitch. Agar then reproaches him with his infidelity to the Countess, on which he tells her of his early life and of his loveless marriage. As soon as he has finished his story, he throws himself at her feet, and while he is still in this position the Countess enters the room. Thinking, however, from the few words she has heard Agar speak, that she does not return her husband's guilty passion, she pretends to imagine that the Count is thanking her for the love and care she has bestowed upon their child. The latter is every moment becoming worse; and the family doctor, when he sees the infant, tells them that it has been poisoned, when suspicion at once falls on Luigi Montero.

We now hear that, after Luigi had fled from his patron's house, he had found access into the Castel Moresco, where Don Giovanni, Count Armando's brother, resided. He becomes his secretary, worms himself into his confidence, and then proposes to him the murder of Armando's heir, provided Don Giovanni will give him a large sum of money. Giovanni eagerly assents, and Luigi proceeds to carry out his wicked design. Imagining that he has succeeded in poisoning the heir, he returns to Castel Moresco, but his retreat has meantime been discovered by the Count del Giglio's servant, Andrea, who comes to the castle, and threatens to deliver Luigi up to justice. But Luigi escapes,

and again gains admittance by night into Armando's palace, where he finds Agar asleep with the child in her arms. He attempts to suffocate it, but its cry awakes Agar, who instantly recognises Luigi, and seeing what he is about, exclaims that the child is his own son. He is thunderstruck at first; but soon recovering his self-possession, attempts to induce her to fly with him—threatening that, if she will not do so, he will take the child away from her. She refuses. He still continues to threaten her, when the Count, who has been concealed in the chamber all the time, fires a pistol, and Luigi falls dead at the side of the bed.

The story now rapidly approaches to a conclusion. The Countess is taken suddenly ill, and on her death-bed asks for Agar, in order to tell her how she rejoices to think that, in consequence of her death, the obstacle to her husband's happiness will be removed, and that she will now be able openly to acknowledge her child, and never be separated from him any more. Then turning to her husband, she says:—

"Armando . . . vi raccomando . . . il vecchio mio padre . . . vi raccomando . . . l'onore . . . della famiglia e la felicità . . . di Agar del Giglio."

La Contessa più non parla.

The tale concludes as follows:—

That same evening a carriage drove off from the palace, containing Agar, her sister Matilda, who had come to take her back to her father, now no longer insane, Andrea, their faithful servant, and the Doctor Pierucci.

The following evening a funeral procession left the same palace, accompanied by a body of monks.

Eugenia, Countess of Castel Moresco, an admirable and sublime example of abnegation and of affection, a type of resignation, was about to repose in the last asylum that earth offers to earth.

A year afterwards Count Armando di Castel Moresco took for his second wife, Agar del Giglio.

We say nothing of the absurd improbability of such a plot, for surely a story made up of materials like these needs no comment. No one who reads our slight sketch of it can avoid coming to the conclusion that either the moral sense of the Revisor Royal is very dense, or that his office is only nominal; otherwise he would never have allowed such poison to be disseminated among the subjects of his royal and religious master.

We know pretty well what French and German novels are, but, low as is the morality which characterizes the majority of them, we rarely see in them the principles of right and wrong so utterly confounded as they are in this specimen of Italian literature. Adultery is scarcely looked upon as a crime—the "victim" of seduction is styled "unfortunate but guiltless"—and revenge appears to be considered as the first, almost the only, duty of man. Of course some allowance may be made for southern temperaments; but no palliation can be found or invented for the utter want of all moral purpose or feeling in the book. At the conclusion of the story, when poetical justice is awarded to all the personages, it is the sinning who are rewarded and triumphant, the sinless who are removed to another world. While Armando, who had indulged a guilty passion, and Agar, who had helped her quondam lover to rob her father, are united, and "live happily ever after," the virtuous and injured Countess dies, in order, as she says, to remove the obstacle which lies in the way of her husband's happiness.

It must not be supposed, however, that the novel does not abound in high-flown sentiments. We have plenty of these—exordiums without end on charity and the right employment of riches by the wealthy—countless moral aphorisms and truisms, such as *La legalità non è sempre la giustizia*, and *La più bella ricchezza è quella che si acquista colle proprie oneste fatiche*—put in capitals and italics to attract the attention of the reader. Let us hope that the Revisor Royal's eye was caught by these sentences, and that he came to the conclusion that a book containing such maxims must of course be written in the interests of morality. As for ourselves, we can only say that, if the *Conte di Castel Moresco* may be accepted as a fair sample of modern Italian light literature—as we have reason to fear it is, knowing that the author is not without honour in his own country, something else is necessary than the examination of the literature of a people by a Revisor Royal, something more beyond the approving signature of a President of State, to preserve the morals and refine the tastes of a nation. But we are glad to think that we need say no more on the subject—glad to have finished our disagreeable, but we trust, not entirely unprofitable task. Henceforth, when we meet with modern Neapolitan novels:—

Non ragionam di lor—

except to pity the people who are deemed worthy of no better mental food than the trash which is set before them by P. M. Gennaro Marasco, Revisor Royal of the light literature published in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

#### BOSSUET.\*

THESE volumes, of which we have already spoken cursorily in one of our monthly *résumés* of French literature, give us a portrait of the great Bishop of Meaux in his dressing-gown and slippers. The pens of De Bausset and Floquet had pre-

\* *L'Abbé Ledieu. Mémoires et Journal sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Bossuet, publiés pour la première fois d'après les Manuscrits autographes, et accompagnés d'une Introduction et des Notes, par M. l'Abbé Guettée, Auteur de l'Histoire de l'Eglise de France.* 2 vols. Paris: Didier. 1856.

sented him under the aspect which Socrates wears in the *Dialogues* of Plato—a dim haze was thrown over everything which might remind the reader that, beneath the robes of the ecclesiastic, lurked the commonplace infirmities of the man. But now comes a Xenophon, who, with all the realism of the Dutch school, gives us a picture of the everyday round of avocations which made up the existence of one of the most energetic prelates that ever lived. To us, who have been wont to look up to the great man with distant awe, it is a relief to find incidents set down by the chronicler of his *memorabilia*, which, in our own existence, we should have deemed so trifling as to be the reverse of memorable. When we read detail after detail, in somewhat nauseous abundance, of the painful malady which, through many weary weeks, worried his rest, and finally ended his life, we begin to feel that, after all, he may have been as one of ourselves; and just in proportion as he becomes less of a giant, we cherish the hope that we may be less dwarfish. Perhaps it may be thought that there is a dash of malignity in satisfaction such as this. But it is more apparent than real; for all genuine and lasting admiration is grounded on sympathy, and this can only be vividly felt when we are enabled to see the great prelate, no longer shrouded in the majesty of the mitre and engaged in unfolding the mysteries of the creeds, but discharging those quiet and unobtrusive duties which the calls of society or of kinship imposed on him from day to day.

For a picture of this description, we could not well have had a better painter than the Abbé Ledieu—or, we may add, a better framemaker than the Abbé Guettée. Ledieu belonged to a highly respectable family in Peronne. In 1674, while studying at the University of Paris, he became very intimate with Philipeaux, the author of the famous *Relation du Quiétisme*; and this intimacy subsequently (1684) led to his appointment as Bossuet's private secretary, with the additional rank of *chanoinie* and *chancelier* of the Cathedral Church of Meaux. In this capacity he remained attached to the person of his illustrious patron for a period of twenty years, accompanying him in his episcopal tours, revising his works in manuscript and proof, and sedulously hoarding up all the casual or confidential communications which fell from his lips. The work, of which two volumes are now given to the world, consists of two distinct productions. We have, first, the *Mémoires*, which follow up the career of Bossuet from his cradle to his grave—and secondly, the *Journal*, which Ledieu did not commence, unfortunately, till 1699, three years before the bishop's death, and in which he dotted down, with a minuteness which Dangeau might envy, and with a gaping admiration which Boswell cannot equal, everything which Bossuet did, or said, or suffered from day to day. For a long time the manuscripts were supposed to be lost. In the editor's preface will be found ample details of the vicissitudes through which they passed. They are now for the first time printed and published *in extenso*. With singular want of judgment, the editor has extracted, and relegated to the end of the volume, sundry details, already alluded to, of a somewhat nauseous character, on Bossuet's fatal malady. Scattered at various intervals throughout the work, they would scarcely have excited a moment's attention: but placed so conspicuously as they now are, they only remind us of certain editions of the laxer Classics, in which all the indecent passages are grouped together at the end, as if to mark them for special perusal and attention. Great, however, as is our aversion to that species of spurious delicacy by which M. Guettée has in this instance allowed himself to be misled, it would be unfair to deny that he has well redeemed his character as an editor by the valuable introduction which commences the first volume. He here discusses at length the conduct and character of Bossuet in some of the most critical periods of his career—such as his defence of Gallican principles in the famous *Assemblée* of 1682—his conduct towards Protestants, honourably marked by a gentleness and moderation far in advance of his age—his theological duel with Fénelon—and his discussions with Jansenists and Jesuits alike. With many of M. Guettée's opinions of Bossuet's conduct, we should be disposed to differ; but this is only a natural consequence of the different aspects which such matters must necessarily wear in our eyes and in those of a Roman Catholic abbé, and it cannot be said materially to impair the value of the introduction as a narrative of facts, illustrating and elucidating the body of the work. In this respect, M. Guettée has himself contributed largely to justify the description he gives of the *Mémoires* and *Journal* combined, as the most complete biography of the Bishop of Meaux.

It is not easy to analyse the feelings and impressions which the perusal of these volumes leaves upon the mind. If on the one hand they complete, on the other they in some degree confound, what we previously felt concerning the conduct and character of Bossuet. There are many locks to that character, and it is not one key which will open them all—there are many inconsistencies in that conduct, and it is not by any sweeping generalities that we can brush them aside. One thing alone is certain—that we are now first enabled to see Bossuet in full, face to face, with every blotch, wart, and furrow. His former biographers had only represented him in profile. Not that they were all of them unable to gain access to the manuscripts of the Abbé Ledieu; but numberless details were by them omitted with disdain, as calculated to interfere with the dignity of their narrative, which, taken as they stand, give us more insight into the man's nature than whole pages of the most elaborate compo-

sition. These details are far more numerous in the *Journal* than in the *Mémoires*. The latter are written with an amplitude of style, and a sustained dignity, which show that Ledieu was not altogether incapable of raising himself to the height of his great argument. But the former has more fruit, though it has less flower. The notes and scraps dotted down from day to day show us the prelate and the man, not as they ought to have been, or as they might have been, but as they really were. Casual expressions, picked up as they fell burning from Bossuet's lips, and which probably would never have flowed from his pen, illuminate hidden depths in the man's heart and character, which in more guarded moments he would never have revealed to public gaze. Not that we believe Bossuet to have been a dissembler either with God or man. If there is one thing more than another which stands out in full relief in these volumes, it is the man's sincerity. He was earnest to a fault. His zeal consumed him. That passion and prejudice may at times have warped his judgment, we can easily believe; but he was never insincere—so far as he knew himself, he was moved by his love of truth, and by that alone. He was often vehement, we had almost said truculent, in his attacks; but he met his enemies for the most part in fair fight, and in open day—he did not stab in the dark, or behind the back. The Abbé Ledieu relates, both in the *Journal* and the *Mémoir*, how he once expressed his regret to Bossuet that he had been unable to lay his hands upon any of the *theses* which that prelate had formerly delivered on taking various degrees. Thereupon Bossuet warmed up, and recited a passage from his speech to the Chancellor of the University when he took his doctor's degree, with as much ardent enthusiasm as when he first delivered it—the lapse of more than half a century had not cooled the fire in his breast. We will only quote a few words of an apostrophe to truth which it contains—"that Truth which came down from the bosom of the Father, and dwelt among men in Holy Writ"—"Tibi nostotus obstringimus, tibi dedicatum imus quicquid in nobis spirat. To thee I place myself in bondage, body and soul; to Thee I dedicate my whole being." We believe that this is the key to the principle by which the great Bishop of Meaux was actuated through the whole of his career. For this, he was ever ready to spend, and to be spent. For this, he wielded mightily the arms of controversy with Jansenist and Jesuit, with Ultramontanist and Quietist. For this, he compelled ecclesiastical synods to crouch to his dictation, and drove recalcitrant individuals to the reclusion of exile or the gaol. For this, he moulded thought and speech into forms of such incomparable grandeur and beauty, that it has been well said that nothing short of the pages of inspiration can furnish a parallel to the language of Bossuet. Indeed, it is this kind of biblical halo which envelops his mind, that mainly distinguishes him from the other great ornaments of the French pulpit. The grace and power which made men hang upon the lips of Fléchier, Bourdaloue, and Massillon, were in great measure derived from close communion with the literature of classical antiquity. Bossuet had this, and to an eminent degree; but he had something more. Like Milton, he had drunk largely of the Iliuss and the Tiber, but of Siloa's brook more largely still. To the influences of Greece and Rome he closely united those of the Hebrew world. To an extent which has rarely been equalled, he succeeded in *assimilating* both the spirit and form of the Bible. The pages of the Abbé Ledieu are rife with evidence on this head. He made himself familiar with the Bible, not by minute textual research, but by earnest study and meditation of its great truths. It was not merely the text-book of his craft—it was verily and indeed, in his eyes, the Book of Life. Doubtless we may mourn over the intemperate zeal which too often led him, in defending the truths of Holy Writ, to commit excesses which Christian charity must unsparingly condemn. But no one familiar with the ignorance, servility, and bigotry of the Ultramontanist clergy of France in the present day, can withhold his hearty admiration from the stanch champion of anti-papal Gallicanism, the author of the *Discours Universel*, the *Oraisons Funèbres*, and the *Connoissance de Dieu*.

Sir Joshua Reynolds and Winckelmann have told us that we should always endeavour to appreciate the merits and the beauties of a work of art, before we proceed to search out its defects. The advice is wholesome, and may be applied to the criticism of men as well as of paintings. Detraction is a weapon easily handled. The familiarity of the critic with the vices and frailties of his own character enable him at once to detect the foibles of others, and with complacent self-deception he imagines that, by vehemence in denouncing these, he will blot out the handwriting which is against himself. We strongly urge the reader, while he peruses these volumes, to bask as long as he can in the sunshine of Bossuet's real greatness, before he sets himself to count the spots upon the sun. In watching the pure youth and vigorous manhood of the Bishop of Meaux—in tracing the healthy growth of his intellectual life, and his close and ardent communion with the choicest spirits of antiquity, both sacred and profane—in gazing with reverence and awe upon the depth and guileless earnestness of his religious convictions—he may learn to emulate the virtues, before he sets himself to note the frailties, of a great and good man. These frailties—for impartiality forbids us to pass them over in silence, though we mention them with pain—are chiefly conspicuous in the remarks which Ledieu places in Bossuet's mouth respecting Fénelon. There is something little in the criticisms passed by him on the *Télémaque*,

and on the *Dialogues des Morts*, and in his opinions generally as to Fénelon's character, which we should scarcely expect to find in one who in the main was a generous antagonist. In the petulance and flippancy with which he summarily disposes of Monseigneur de Cambrai as a "consummate hypocrite, full of sneaking dissimulation"—in the vehemence with which he proscribes his works as unworthy, not only of a prelate, but of a priest and a Christian—we see traces of episcopal and literary rivalry which we are sorry to find that the Abbé Guettée thinks it decent to endorse. As to Bossuet's endeavours to get his nephew appointed as his successor in the diocese, we are not disposed to speak of them with harshness, as the unceasing importunities with which he was beset in his waning years afford some apology for his weakness. Besides, the charge of nepotism falls to the ground in this case, for Bossuet's efforts, made as they were with evident reluctance, did not meet with success.

We have endeavoured to give a general idea of the character of Bossuet, as portrayed by the hand of his secretary, rather than to enter into any details of the actual contents of these volumes. We may, however, add a few words both on the *Mémoire* and the *Journal*, by way of calling attention to certain vistas and avenues which we trust the reader will explore for himself. The cream of the *Mémoire*, in our apprehension, is to be found in the account it contains of Bossuet's studies in profane, patristic, and sacred literature, and of the method he was wont to pursue in conducting his pulpit ministrations. M. St. Beuve—a man, it should be remembered, of considerable magnifying power—goes so far as to assert that the dozen pages (109–121) on the light in which Bossuet regarded pulpit oratory are equal, if not superior, to everything which Maury has written on the same subject, and are worthy to take their place along with the choicest gems of the *De Oratore* of Cicero, and of the *Dialogues sur l'Éloquence* of Fénelon. The accounts given in the *Mémoire* of various memorable sermons preached by Bossuet, witness to the soundness of his theories. There is one passage which, to an English reader, is peculiarly interesting—we will quote it in full:—

Ce fut dans le séjour de la cour d'Angleterre à St. Germain, que le roi Jacques déclara souvent lui-même le dessin qu'il avait toujours eu d'appeler M. de Meaux à Londres, si l'état des affaires l'avait permis, pour entrer en conférence avec les Anglois. M. de Meaux sentoit son zèle s'échauffer pour la religion quand le roi lui parlait de la sorte, et disoit qu'il étoit prêt à passer les mers pour obeir aux ordres de sa Majesté. Il s'est souvent entretenu de ce dessin. Il espéroit de gagner bien des choses des Anglois, à cause du respect qu'ils avoient pour la sainte antiquité: mais il croyoit aussi pouvoir tirer un grand parti de leurs divisions domestiques sur la religion. (p. 175.)

It was in the same year with this conversation with James, that Bossuet published his *Histoire des Variations*. We may add that the *Mémoire* contains an account of Bossuet's death, in an appendix from the pen of his *grand vicaire*, which is full of that grand simplicity which best became the death-bed of so pious a man.

The only volume of the *Journal* as yet published extends from the year 1699 (December) to 1703 (August). Bossuet died in April, 1704; so that the two volumes which have yet to be given to the world, and which reach as far as 1713, will necessarily be inferior in interest to the one now before us, as only a small portion of their contents can be occupied with the great theme of the first volume. The reflection which first strikes us after the perusal of the *Journal* is, what must Bossuet have been in his prime, if, at and after the age of seventy-one, when the *Journal* commences, he displayed all the energy there ascribed to him? A considerable portion of the diary for the year 1700 is taken up with an account of the General Assembly of the Clergy for that year. It was only at the urgent instigation of Bossuet that they determined not to confine their discussions to the temporal and financial concerns of the Church—"better hand these over to a synod of lawyers," was the remark of one of the prelates on Bossuet's side—but rather to consider these as secondary to matters of doctrine and discipline. Those prelates whose sympathies with the tenets of the Jesuits led them to dread the censures with which Bossuet's quiver was full, strongly resisted the proposal. But the Bishop of Meaux carried the day. Another point which gave rise to great uproar was the question whether the clergy of the second order should be allowed to vote in matters of doctrine. One of the noisiest of the rebellious abbés was Bossuet's own nephew, who was severely admonished by his uncle for his conduct. In fact, all the discussions, if read with attention, are very suggestive and entertaining. One prelate, the Archbishop of Vienne, is perpetually indulging in anecdotes, or historical and scriptural illustrations (Bossuet styles them *historiettes et raisonnettes*), and breaks down in the middle, from not remembering, or from confounding, the names of the individuals concerned. For instance, he calls Naaman, Aman, and confounds Elisha with Elijah, and so on. Throughout the proceedings we are struck with the disinterested manner in which Bossuet was ever ready to allow others to take precedence over himself, so long as he felt that, by humouring their petulance and vanity, he might further the ends he had at heart. A man of little mind would sooner have sacrificed the interests at stake than allow himself to be thrown into the shade. Indeed, the Abbé Lédiu has frequently occasion to remark how Bossuet permitted his brother prelates to have the credit of some master move of his own, rather than arouse their jealousies or cool their zeal by asserting his claims. It is this impersonal action, this

forgetfulness of self, which forms one of the strongest features in Bossuet's greatness.

But it is not merely in his public capacity as the virtual president and ruling spirit of ecclesiastical assemblies, that the *Journal* presents us with a graphic picture of the Bishop of Meaux. These details occupy a very small space, when compared with the particulars of his domestic life, amid his nephews, nieces, and friends, or of his episcopal functions in his own diocese. We see him, for instance, at dinner, listening to Longepierre's *Electra*, and to the Abbé Genest's *Penelope*; and the compliments which followed give a higher idea, it must be confessed, of the bishop's politeness than of his taste. As we have already observed, his nephew, the Abbé Bossuet, gave him a vast deal of trouble, and it is highly amusing to see the Abbé Lédiu speculating on the possible bearings of some new scheme which he suspects the Abbé to be forcing on his uncle, with a view to further his ambition. In the latter half of the volume we meet with repeated evidence of Bossuet's unweary exertions to crush in the germ the Socinian tendencies of the famous Richard Simon, who has been styled the father of what is now called Rationalism. Bossuet rested not from his labours till he had driven the culprit to take refuge in Scotland from the censures of the Sorbonne. What if Bossuet had known that, at the very time he was thus engaged, a child of the name of Arrouet was probably playing at marbles in the streets of Paris, who was destined, under the name of Voltaire, to bury in ruins all those defences by which the great apostle of dogmatic uniformity thought to preserve Catholic unity?

We trust that the sketch here given of the general purport of the *Mémoire* and the *Journal* will so far excite the curiosity of the reader as to tempt him to dive into the volumes themselves. If he approach them in a generous and liberal spirit, he will rise from their perusal with a greatly enhanced estimate of Bossuet's goodness, sincerity, and piety. There are few men, we apprehend, who could so well stand the ordeal of the daily scrutiny of a prying journalizing secretary. In these days of tepid attachment to truth, and of timid assertion of principles, it will not be unprofitable to con the life and character of one who well deserves the place which De Maistre assigns him, as *une des religions Françaises*.

#### THE LINESMAN.\*

THE name of Napier on the title page of a military novel is a strong inducement to read it; but, without disrespect to the very distinguished author, we cannot but wish that he had not made the experiment—as he says for the first time—of appearing before the world as a writer of fiction. The *Linesman* is composed of three elements. It is partly a novel, partly a pamphlet on military reform, and partly an autobiography. Like the milkman's customer in the old story, we prefer our milk and water in separate pails. Colonel Napier's story loses little, however, by the mixture; for though his gallantry is worthy of the name he bears, he is a very indifferent novelist. It is no more possible to write a novel than to command a brigade without some preparation; and if the *Linesman* had no other claims to attention than those which attach to it as a work of fiction, we should certainly not think that it required notice. But, though the tale loses little, the autobiography and the pamphlet suffer considerably from the strange combination of which we have spoken. It is always difficult to say how far a particular circumstance is authentic, or how far it is introduced to serve the purposes of the novel; and many complaints of hard usage and injustice are introduced into the book, which a sentiment of personal dignity would have suppressed had it been an avowed autobiography. On the other hand, the pamphlet element is utterly antagonistic to both of the others. To be interrupted in an account of Ensign Beresford's adventures during the Burmese war by quotations from Our Own Correspondent, withering sarcasms on Administrative Reform, and all sorts of violent assertions about the siege of Sebastopol, is equally intolerable whether the ensign is only an alias for Colonel Napier or an orthodox novel hero. Looking, therefore, at the *Linesman* as a whole, we can only pronounce it a decided failure; but it contains much that is worth reading, and much that is worth noticing. Colonel Napier's autobiography, disentangled from that of Ensign Beresford, would obviously be a very curious one. He has served against the Burmese and the Caffres—he has had all sorts of adventures with irregular troops, with Thugs, and with wild beasts. To such a man's virtues we ought to be very kind, and to his faults a little blind. Many of his experiences are doubtless commemorated, though in a confused and artificial manner, in the *Linesman*, and they make us regret that he has not related more of them in a rather more systematic and more composed manner. Some expressions lead us to hope that he may hereafter be induced to do so.

The most noticeable part of the book is the doctrine which it preaches. It is throughout an enthusiastic panegyric on English soldiers in all their relations, and an indignant denunciation of the aristocratic prejudices and "routine" of the Government, and of the extra privileges bestowed upon the household troops. In-

\* *The Linesman; or, Service in the Guards and the Line during England's Long Peace and Little Wars.* By Colonel Elers Napier, author of *Southern Africa, &c.* 2 vols. London: G. W. Hyde. 1856.

deed, the preface states that the book owes its origin to the memorial presented to the Queen some months since on behalf of the Guards. A few remarks on the less exclusively military questions involved in complaints of this kind may be permitted to civilians, especially if they steer clear, as we hope to do, of all interference with the special questions of the grievances or privileges of the Guards, and the regulations for the purchase of commissions.

No one uses the Englishman's birthright of grumbling more largely than a soldier—perhaps with the exception of a sailor. Nor need this be matter of surprise. Imagine some 15 or 20 men confined, for months or years together, almost exclusively to each other's society—often entirely idle—always uncertain whether they may not be called upon, on the shortest notice, to exchange that idleness for a life of labour and hardship. What can they do but grumble—especially if they are, as all Englishmen are, utterly unable to bring themselves to acquiesce in any state of things which does not meet their convenience, and which any human efforts have any kind of power to alter? It is not surprising that this should sometimes crystallize into displays like those which fill so many pages of the *Linesman*. The English soldier is, according to writers like Colonel Napier, the noblest and the worst-used of all human beings. He is the bravest, the most loyal, the most self-denying of his species, and he is paid like a crossing-sweeper and treated like a cur. He sustains the whole fabric of English greatness, and all England is in a conspiracy to defraud and insult him. Cannot this kind of language be a little smoothed down? Are not some sources of consolation open to military men, if they would only resort to them? Will Colonel Napier take it in good part if we tell him what is the opinion of an average civilian upon the general subject of soldiers' wrongs?

We think, then, that the soldiers of the British army have some admirable qualities in a very high degree—great courage, great docility, and great power of enduring privations. But there were such men living before the days of Agamemnon, and there are hundreds of thousands of people in various walks of life in this country, who find that society is so constituted as to oppose greater or less obstacles to the full recognition of their merits. Many an able barrister never holds a brief, and sees the sons of attorneys promoted over his head. Many a good physician has to look at both sides of every sovereign he spends, whilst quacks and flatterers drive past in their carriages. Many a man of genius preaches to unsympathetic or distrustful congregations, for want of the plausible flaccidity and minute punctuality which have been so often the passport to bishoprics. Indeed, it is an old complaint that the wicked flourish like green bay-trees. It is not in the nature of systems to guard against such a state of things. We know of no road to a perfect division of honours according to merit, except that which leads straight down the crooked lane and right round the square. There is nothing in the neglect which so grieves and enrages Colonel Napier beyond the common lot of all men. Easign Beresford is vastly angry, because he gets all the hard knocks in the line, whilst his cousin, Augustus Seymour, gets all the scarlet, and fine linen, and sumptuous fare of the Guards. But is there nothing *per contra*? Is it really true that soldiers have no love for enterprise and adventure? Would the captain who can count twenty years of service against savage tribes, deadly fevers, fearful perils by land and by water, change lives with the colonel who has gained his rank by ten years' lounging in London and Dublin—assuming the facts of the case to be so? Is not this only another form of that worship of success in life which is the curse of England? Is it nothing for a man whose intellect is active rather than speculative, to have had an opportunity of passing many years in the discharge of duties of the most important and exciting nature? Is it nothing to have acquired a very broad acquaintance with life—to have tested and developed the latent capacities of mind and body—to have formed some of the closest connexions, and to have stored up some of the most interesting recollections of which human nature admits? Would Colonel Napier sell all this for some additional rank and income? If not, nothing has befallen him but what is the common lot of all men. Some desires must always remain unsatisfied; and in the case which he puts, it is only the less noble appetites which are in that predicament.

No doubt a fair distribution of military honours is desirable, and we do not mean to deny that fairer arrangements might be made on the subject than those which exist at present; but though such an arrangement might be politic on the part of the Government, is it dignified on the part of the soldiers to show so much anxiety on the subject? In the wonderful description of the storming of St. Sebastian which is contained in Napier's *Peninsular War*, the author argues with irresistible force against the notion that men would have gone through what our troops then underwent for the chance of plundering the town. That they would have done so merely for the sake of obtaining an official recognition of their courage, is a conclusion which all who honour the army ought to resist with at least equal warmth. Of the two, we should almost prefer a man who risked his life for money to one who risked it for vanity. The former motive is at least intelligible, individual, and independent—the latter acts only upon a man who is so uneasy about his own worth that he can never be satisfied about it, unless some one else testifies to its existence.

We do not believe that the kind or degree of courage which our troops display is a thing which can be bought either by money or medals. It can only be supplied from two sources—either from a deeply-rooted sense of duty, or from that general ardour of spirit which displays itself in Englishmen, in all directions, and on every conceivable opportunity—the temper which drives well-born and wealthy men into arid deserts or deadly jungles, over inaccessible mountain-tops, and through untracked wildernesses—the spirit which makes athletes of the students at Universities, which animates men in hazardous speculations, and in the obscure and toilsome preparations for professional success. The first motive is noble and holy. The second is gallant and honourable—at once the indispensable condition and the surest guarantee of all that is worth living for. But both of them alike are priceless. If they do not exist, no premium will call them forth—if they do, no premium can do more than record their existence. To us there is something eminently touching and noble in the English sentiment of indifference to mere external attestations of merit. You can go nowhere on the Continent without meeting with red ribbons, crosses, and other badges, of all kinds, bearing a greater or less conventional value. In England, you may know a man for years without discovering that he has a whole drawer full of decorations, which he could wear if he pleased. Surely there is great dignity in the indifference which this sentiment implies to casual admiration—the admiration of the man who meets you at dinner, or passes you in the street. It says, in effect, "You must take me as I am. It is you who receive a favour from the company of an honourable man. It is a privilege to you to do me honour, and not to me to receive it. It does not become an English gentleman to walk about with his ticket on his coat, saying, Look and see how brave I am. I keep my courage to use when it is wanted, not as a matter to brag of to strangers. What I care for is to be brave—not to have evidence to prove that other people consider me brave."

Such is our version of the English neglect of decorations. If it is a true one, it shows a spirit which cannot be weakened without injuring the whole English character. It may be objected that such feelings would be well enough if no decorations at all were given, but that, if given at all, they should be given fairly, and not merely to persons of high rank. This is quite true; but it must also be recollected that the habit which restricts certain honours to persons of high rank greatly diminishes the significance of those honours. That a man is a K.G. does not prove that he is a remarkable man, but only that he is a remarkable lord—which is a very different and a much narrower thing. It may also be objected that the mass of mankind are not, and never will be, philosophers, and that however foolish the love of crosses and ribbons may be, it exists, and must be humoured. This also is true, and affords an excellent reason why statesmen should give crosses. Our present object is simply to show Colonel Napier why soldiers ought not to care so much about having them. That a boy is very childish is no doubt a reason for treating him like a child; but it is an equally strong reason for exhorting him to be a man. The desperate heroism—slightly recognised, as it has often been—which our troops have displayed on a thousand fields of battle through the course of eight hundred years, shows sufficiently that they can fight as well because it is right, and because they like it, as others can fight because they want to be praised for it; and we feel very strongly that the English motives hitherto recognised and acted upon make not only better soldiers, but, what is of far more importance, better men than the others.

Colonel Napier's book contains many suggestions on other military matters, of which we do not pretend to judge, but which appear to us, for the most part, humane and sensible. We wish they were placed in a more permanent form, and offered in a tone of greater calmness and moderation.

#### CYRENAICA AND THE DESERT.\*

THE "parts of Libya about Cyrene" do not occupy a very prominent place in ancient history. Between the days, however, when Herodotus told the story of the founding of the city beside the fountain of Cyrene, and the gloomy time just before the curtain of barbarism falls over its annals—when Synesius, the brave old bishop, was fighting against the *Ausurians*—the name of Cyrenaica, or Pentapolis, occurs sufficiently often to make us glad to learn the present appearance of the country where the imagination of the earliest Greek voyagers placed the Garden of the *Hesperides* and the pleasant homes of the *Lotos-eaters*. In modern times, Thrigle, a Dane, has written an elaborate work, called *Res Cyrenensis*, and Pacho and Beechey have given accounts of their travels in that region. Mr. Hamilton has lately spent some time in the country which they describe, and has told us what he saw, in a volume of moderate size, referring those who wish for further information to the works of these authors, of which he speaks with the greatest respect.

Mr. Hamilton sailed from Malta to Benghazi in the largest vessel which makes this passage—a brigantine of 150 tons. The voyage lasted six days, which passed cheerfully, for the captain and the mate were both intelligent men, who could give information about their trade, and tell strange Herodotean stories of races who lived beyond the black hills, in the interior of Africa. The

\* *Wanderings in North Africa*. By James Hamilton. London: Murray.

coast near Benghazi at length appeared—a long low line of sand, broken by groups of palm-trees. It is impossible to see Benghazi itself till a vessel is quite close to it. When it is seen, the first glance is far from cheering, for the town seems little better than a collection of mud huts, unrelieved by a single minaret, or even by one of the dovecots familiar to the traveller on the Nile. A close inspection does not remove the first disagreeable impression. Few of the houses have more than a single story, windows are rare, and the floors are seldom paved. For an Oriental town, however, Benghazi is not dirty, thanks to the paternal despotism of a German doctor, whose commands in everything that relates to health are most strictly enforced by the local authorities. In consequence, perhaps, of his precautions, neither fever nor dysentery is endemic in the place, and ophthalmia is the only complaint which is thoroughly naturalized. There is some trade with Malta, Leghorn, and Trieste. Most of the townspeople are tolerably prosperous, and extreme poverty is almost unknown. The government is in the hands of a bey sent from Constantinople, or nominated by the pacha of Tripoli. There are a few remains of the ancient Berenice—enough to detain a traveller for a couple of days. Many valuable vases and statuettes have found their way from this place to Paris. There seems to be a sad want of the ordinary appliances of civilization at Benghazi. When Mr. Hamilton was there, the French consul could not have a broken pane replaced, for the one glazier of the place had died. The less laborious handicrafts have fallen into the hands of Jews, whose charges are not, it appears, above ten times higher than those of Bond-street.

Leaving the seaboard, Mr. Hamilton crossed the hills which bound the plain of Benghazi, and passed over a country covered with low underwood, and dotted with juniper trees, of the species known to Pliny as the Thuya. The next day's journey was first over a district clothed with short grass and thorny plants, and then among the beautiful gorges of a range of hills, where the juniper grew tall and tree-like. At last, the caravan, moving constantly towards the north-east, reached the valley of Zardes, which was scented with wild thyme, and glittering with white flowers. The pink tinge of the distance in the evening reminded Mr. Hamilton of a Scotch moor. The following day, the travellers saw abundance of the umbelliferous plant which is identified by some botanists with the costly Silphium, now rather feared than prized, for it is dangerous to camels which are not accustomed to it. The most remarkable feature of the next day's journey appears to have been the change from the light green foliage of the juniper to the gloomy tint of the caruba. At length they reached Grennah, the ancient Cyrene, after traversing for some hours a region full of the olive and the arbutus, and dotted with clumps of evergreens, which seemed to have been placed as artistically as are those of a well-cared-for English garden.

The immediate approach to the ruins is not so smiling. Long lines of tombs replace the exuberant vegetation, and lead the traveller to the crumbling walls. Before, however, he stoops to drink at the fountain of Cyrene, the Arethusa of Africa, more pleasing impressions return. A narrow gorge opens, and suddenly reveals a wide prospect of plains and hills; while, far away to the north, the sun shines on the Mediterranean. Mr. Hamilton made his arrangements for a continued stay at this point, and proceeded, in spite of bad servants and Bedouins, to examine the ruins at his leisure. His report is, on the whole, not a favourable one:—"There is little to satisfy a refined taste; and nothing of which it can be said, if we except the great reservoir, 'This is indeed magnificent!'" Hard by the scattered ruins of Cyrene is another city, now not more silent, but far more impressive. The necropolis is of immense extent, and full of tombs of great beauty, all of them, however—"the simple sarcophagus as well as the proud mausoleum"—violated and tenantless. Tall cypresses overshadow some of them; and fig trees, olives, and myrtles shroud others "in luxuriant thickets, out of which streamlets issue, whose course far beneath is marked by thick bushes of oleanders, crowned with their rosy flowers."

Mr. Hamilton remained six weeks at Grennah, making excursions in the vicinity, and coming into frequent relations, friendly or otherwise, with his restless Arab neighbours. He recommends that spot to the notice of sportsmen, who will here find red-legged partridges, quails, a sort of yellow grouse, gazelles, and bustards. The climate is in summer not unworthy of the old fame of the land of the Lotophagi, and the substantial necessities of life are cheap. Luxuries and comforts may be brought from Malta. From Grennah, Mr. Hamilton went to Derna, on the coast, traversing the Okbah Pass, which has a bad name—worse, however, than it deserves, for it is at least better than many in the Lebanon, and is perfectly practicable, even for mounted travellers.

Derna lies among green gardens, the freshness of which is heightened by the contrast which they present to the arid tract which must be crossed in order to reach them from the interior. A luxuriance of vegetation, which makes Mr. Hamilton compare this place to one of the villages in the plain of Damascus, is unfortunately no charm against fever and dysentery, which are here too common. In this country, by a strange law of compensation, the very richness of the soil is in one respect an evil, for the bounty of nature makes the inhabitants careless and wasteful. Hence, what should be only occasional scarcities caused

by locusts and bad seasons, take the form of frightful famines. From Derna Mr. Hamilton returned to Grennah, and spent a few more pleasant days by the side of his favourite fountain. Thence he went to the site of the ancient Barca, through a country diversified with hill and dale, and covered with the caruba, the juniper, and the olive. Some tracts, however, over which he passed were bare and desert, and the travellers suffered much from the want of water. During his journey from Derna to Grennah, and thence to Barca, he had an opportunity of observing that Herodotus was perfectly accurate in speaking of the three climates of the Cyrenaica.

Among the influences which are promoting civilization in this part of Africa, is one which reminds us of the debt the farmers of England owe to the monasteries of the Middle Ages. A Mameluke religious order has large estates along the route traversed by Mr. Hamilton, between Grennah and Barca, and their lands are cultivated with far more care than any others in the district. At Barca there are no remains of antiquity of so old a date as the time of the Ptolemies. Tolmeita, the ancient Ptolemais, is not much more worth visiting. Tanera, on the other hand, which marks the position, and almost retains the name, of Tencira, affords a rich harvest to the antiquary. In the dry season, when the long grass is burnt up, many of the streets of the old city are as distinctly traceable as those of Pompeii. Mr. Hamilton says, that not only here, but at several places in the Cyrenaica, he could not discover any well-defined ruins of baths, and he accounts for this by observing that the flourishing period of several of the towns in this country fell within Christian times. The *balneorum delicia*, so essential at one time to the comfort of the Romans, were an abomination in the eyes of some of the early bishops.

From Tanera Mr. Hamilton returned to Benghazi, after an absence of about three months, and thence started on a journey into the interior. The point towards which his march was directed was Angila, to reach which it was necessary to traverse a wide and uninteresting district, plentifully stocked with game, fertile near Benghazi, but becoming more and more desert till the vegetation was confined to a few plants of woody texture, with fleshy leaves. Even these at last gave way to the sterile sands of the wilderness. At last Mr. Hamilton reached the Oasis of Angila:—

The first appearance presented to the eye by the large plantation rising in the midst of the loose sand, was most singular. The rosy light which coloured the ground when the sun's rays penetrated the tall stems, gave the part which was in shade a white appearance like snow, which, contrasted with the bright green of the bushy young palms, lent to the whole the appearance of a winter scene, while the air was balmy as summer, and the bright evening sky glowed with orange and purple tints, such as Italy or Greece cannot show.

From Angila Mr. Hamilton went to Jalo, another oasis, and one of the *entrepôts* of the overland slave-trade. Thence returning to Angila, he prepared to set out for the eastward, but passed many dreary days before a messenger whom he had sent to Benghazi returned. It was winter, and the thermometer at night sometimes sank to zero. From Angila he crossed the desert to Siwah, the ancient oasis of Ammon, seeing in many places silicified palmwood, and some volcanic appearances, and passing occasional oases, the "universal feature" of which was, he says, a morass, which apparently retained sufficient moisture to permit in its neighbourhood a vigorous vegetation. At Siwah he was long detained, and was in considerable danger for some time from the furious fanaticism of the Moslem population. A detachment of irregular cavalry, sent from Egypt, at last rescued him from his perilous position. From that point he struck to the north-east, till he arrived on the coast, and thence pushed on towards what was Lake Mareotis, but is now an extensive plain, clothed with dark shrubs and dotted with low yellow mounds. At last his desert journey ended in the valley of the Nile. Mr. Hamilton was presented to the Viceroy of Egypt, who sent a party of soldiers to chastise the rudeness of the people of Siwah, so that it is far from probable that Europeans will be molested there for some time to come.

If Mr. Hamilton's book is not very interesting, it is no fault of his. The countries and the people described in it are alike unattractive; but he observes with a good deal of care, and has apparently enough knowledge to make his observations reliable. Here and there he writes with considerable force. We would direct the attention of our readers more especially to pages 315—318, which sum up his impressions of the desert. On this subject he says:—

The earth seems boundless as the ocean; not less cheerlessly uniform than a sea becalmed, and not less dangerously wild than it when roused by the strife of elements. The sky is pale in the glare of mid-day, but glows with the brightest tints as evening closes in. After sunset, it is again illuminated with the zodiacal light, which fades to disclose a surface of the deepest purple, spangled with thousands of stars, whose twinkling brightness surpasses anything that our northern climate can show.

After long and wide experience of the effects of Turkish rule, Mr. Hamilton has evidently the greatest horror of it. His opinion seems to be that the empire of the Sultan cannot possibly last. If the Cyrenaica became subject to a European Power, we can readily believe that it might have a brilliant future. Its great productiveness and its perfect climate contrast favourably with the sterility and fevers of Syria. It is possible that, even in our own generation, it may become important both to English merchants and English invalids.

## LALLERSTEDT'S SCANDINAVIA.\*

AT the beginning of this year, it was still probable that Russia, defeated in the Black Sea, would be attacked seriously in the Baltic. It was natural that patriotic Swedes, seeing the balance of fortune incline to the side of the Allies, should wish to improve the occasion, and to bargain for the ultimate restoration of Finland at the price of an open and immediate demonstration against Russia. Under the title of *La Scandinavie, ses Crainches et ses Espérances*, M. Lallerstedt wrote a pamphlet to advocate the adoption of a warlike policy; and, although the hopes of Scandinavia have been blighted by the peace of Paris, the work was written with sufficient ability and contained information sufficiently interesting to have a more than temporary value. It is impossible that a recapitulation of historical facts, recent in date, and memorable in character, should contain much that cannot be found elsewhere. But as the history of this century is necessarily more difficult to ascertain than that of remoter times, any historical sketch, not being a mere recapitulation, but the fruit of personal experience and acquaintance with the men and events spoken of, is always worth reading. M. Lallerstedt wrote with two principal objects—historically, to show how Russia came to exert an influence over Sweden, and, politically, to point out the evils of that influence, and the steps to be taken to make Sweden independent. The termination of the war makes the political portion of his work comparatively valueless; but the historical portion is the best guide of which we know to the modern history of Sweden, and it will be found a useful help to acquiring a knowledge of the position occupied during this century by a country with which England has every motive for cultivating a sincere friendship.

Throughout the eighteenth century, Sweden resisted Russia with a success which, considering the scantiness of her population, was very much to her credit. Her natural ally was France, and the relation between the Courts of Versailles and Stockholm was constant and intimate. Russia coveted the territory that bordered on the new capital of Peter the Great. Prussia had an obvious design of robbing and seizing all that it could of the possessions of the Scandinavian powers. France alone, great both by sea and land, had the strength and will to protect a country which, aspiring with only three millions of inhabitants to be mistress of the Baltic, was sure to need frequent assistance. Sweden stood with regard to France much as Portugal has so long stood with regard to England. The minor Power was left perfectly independent, but the ties of friendship that bound it to its protector were of a somewhat imperative character, and it had become one of the accepted traditions of the two States that their European policy should be the same, and that Sweden should look to France for guidance as well as for assistance. In modern times, the Swedish people have preserved feelings of attachment towards France; and they actually deposed their own royal house to give the throne to a French Marshal. The interests of France and Sweden have become more than ever the same as Russia has grown more and more powerful. How, then, has it happened that Sweden broke with France, forgave her old rival for the iniquitous seizure of Finland, and has long lived under a Government the action of which has been mainly determined by Russian influence? How is it that, in spite of her affections, her judgment, and her interests, she has forgotten her old friend and courted the yoke of her old enemy?

In answer to this question, which must force itself on the mind of every reflective Swede, M. Lallerstedt replies, that the error of Sweden is to be attributed to the personal jealousies of Bernadotte. The time came when Sweden was for the moment arbiter of the fate of Europe. Napoleon attacked Russia; the geographical position of Sweden, her military and naval force, and the experience in war and council of the Crown Prince, enabled her to be of the utmost assistance to one of the two combatants. If her decision had been in favour of Napoleon, she would, says M. Lallerstedt, have recovered Finland, and crippled Russia so effectually as to have given herself time to consolidate a great and unassassable kingdom in the North. The empire of Napoleon would have passed away with his life, but the great Scandinavian kingdom would have remained as a bulwark of civilised Europe against the tyranny of Tartar savages. Bernadotte, however, feared lest Napoleon, if master of the whole Continent, should treat him as he had treated the puppet kings of Westphalia and Spain, and should order him to descend from his throne unless he would make himself the vassal of France. He therefore determined to crush Napoleon, and to sell the aid he brought to the Czar for the crown of Norway, which was to be annexed to that of Sweden at the expense of Denmark. This M. Lallerstedt denounces as a piece of shortsighted selfishness, a betrayal of the true interests of Sweden, and the beginning of that state of weakness and isolation in which the country has found itself since the fatal resolution of the Crown Prince was taken.

We can easily understand that this view should commend itself to a writer who sees his country exposed to the daily encroachments of Russia—who sees France restricted within its ancient limits, and who knows that Napoleon died within a few years after the Russian campaign. But we cannot think that, at the time when the decision was to be taken, it was a very easy matter to decide, or that the conduct of Bernadotte

is indefensible. It is true that the leading nobles who had forced Gustavus Adolphus to abdicate, and to whom Bernadotte owed his throne, were in favour of attempting the recovery of Finland at all hazards; but the nation at large must at least have thought that the Crown Prince had to make a choice in a very difficult matter, and would have scarcely accepted his resolution so patiently, if there had not been some grounds on which it could be justified. Practically, Bernadotte had to choose between the permanent loss of Finland and seeing Sweden made an appendage of France. Before we condemn him for choosing the former as the lesser evil, we ought to remember what being an appendage of France meant in those days, and what experience Sweden had had of Napoleon. Sweden had been ordered to join the Continental blockade; and it was with the utmost difficulty that she was permitted to import so primary a necessary of life as salt. French commissioners were appointed to superintend her ports. She was commanded to furnish two thousand sailors for the French navy, and as she did not at once comply with the requisition, the number asked for was raised to twelve thousand. If she attempted to learn her own approaching fate by looking at the condition of Prussia, had she any reason to wish for a rule like that of the French at Berlin? We cannot speak as if Sweden could have had the benefits both of Napoleon's success and of his failure. If through her means he had ended the Russian war triumphantly, he would have been able to dispose of her as he pleased. His life, cut short as it was by the mortification of adversity, might have been prolonged in the ease of prosperity. Ten or fifteen years of the rule of a man who trampled on all nationalities, and had a bitter contempt for the usages and traditions of a constitutional government, and who knew, not only how to create a despotism, but also how to mould and fix it, seems to us a greater evil than the loss of a military frontier; and Sweden is even now reaping indirect benefits from the choice she made. On the fall of Napoleon, there grew up in Europe a spirit of respect for vested interests, which, though often made the cover for gross injustice, has certainly befriended some of the weaker states of the Continent. It was this spirit which led to the late Russian war, by which Sweden has been a great gainer, not only because she has obtained a formal guarantee of her possessions from France and England, but because she has been shown that States exposed to the undermining influence of Russian policy may count, if they offer a bold resistance, on the aid of powers able to make Russia give way.

Norway was the bait offered by Russia and Bernadotte to Sweden for the final cession of Finland. The Norwegians did not approve of being handed over like sheep from one master to another; and M. Lallerstedt gives a sketch of the difficulties to which this arbitrary act gave rise. The Norwegians revolted, and framed a Constitution, which still exists, and is the most democratic in Europe. All the privileges of the nobility were abolished, and it was provided that the King should only have a suspensive veto, and that any measure which, after certain specified delays, was passed by the Diet, should, in spite of the Royal dissent, become law. This Constitution, known by the name of the Constitution of Eiswold, was accepted on the 17th of May, 1814, by the King of Sweden, and on the 4th of November a solemn and mutual acceptance of the Constitution took place. The Storthing, or Parliament of Norway, is assembled every three years, and after an undecisive contest on minor points with the two previous Storthings, Bernadotte, or Charles John, to use his Swedish title, in the year 1821, brought forward a series of propositions, involving a great increase of the power of the Crown and an abolition of the Constitution of 1814. These propositions were to be voted on in the Storthing of 1824, and meanwhile were discussed in a very angry spirit. The partisans of the Crown insisted that the Constitution of November 1814 was a virtual abnegation of that of May 1814, and that, being a gift from the King, it could be withdrawn at pleasure; while the Norwegian constitutionalists strenuously denied this doctrine. In 1824, the propositions were rejected without even a division being called for. The Norwegians, alarmed and irritated at this attack on their liberties, began to talk of a separation from Sweden, and this threat prevented the King from proceeding to an open rupture. At length, in 1836, the danger of a separation was considered so great, that the more moderate Norwegians, who feared their country was too weak to stand alone, began to desire a more real union with Sweden, and in 1839 a committee of three from each nation was appointed to arrange the terms. Its labours have, however, led to no practical result, and the two countries remain united only by a dynastic tie. Norway has her national code, her representation, her administration, her army, her navy, all apart and for her own use. Custom-houses protect the produce of her industry against the competition of Sweden. In case of war or treaty, a council of natives of both countries has to be called, and questions of regency and succession are decided in a like manner; but otherwise the two nations have nothing in common. "Such," says M. Lallerstedt, "is the fruit of the arrangements of Charles John. Such is what he called the unity of the Scandinavian peninsula, which he offered in place of Finland."

Where, however, it is so obviously the interest of two nations to unite, where the best men of each are alive to the true wants of their respective countries, and where the political spirit that animates the two is so nearly the same, we may be sure that union is only a question of time. M. Lallerstedt acknowledges

\* *Scandinavia; its Hopes and Fears.* By G. Lallerstedt. London: King. 1856.

that the present King has won the affections of the Norwegians by making concessions to their national pride, and if the revolution of 1848 had not produced a slight reaction, the tide was setting so strongly in favour of a more liberal Constitution in Sweden, that before this the political *status* of the two countries would probably have been placed on the same basis. M. Lallerstedt also gives the King credit for more independence towards Russia than his father had. Directly the late war broke out, the King announced that he would preserve a strict neutrality, and he did this in spite of the urgent remonstrances of Russia. More than this he could not be expected to do, unless he received the promise of Finland as a reward. To urge his country to offer an active co-operation to the Allies, on condition of receiving this promise, was the aim of M. Lallerstedt in writing his pamphlet. We cannot doubt that the fear of a Baltic campaign, in which Sweden should take part, was one of the chief causes which induced Russia to accept the terms of peace. This peace has defeated M. Lallerstedt's purpose, but his pamphlet affords abundant reason to believe that Sweden will have an increasing weight in European politics, as a State of the second order, compact in itself, guided by a love of sound and permanent liberty, and prevented by no internal or inherent weakness from profiting by the protection which it will always be the interest of the Western Powers to afford her.

#### THE HISTORY AND CONQUESTS OF THE SARACENS.\*

HOWEVER repulsive Oriental history may be in some of its aspects, it has in others an attractiveness peculiar to itself. Whether it be that the countries which it brings before us are invested with a mysterious interest as the earliest habitations of the human family, or that the names of many spots are associated with the first impressions of our childhood and the deeper convictions of riper years, certain it is that a strange interest draws us to the great Eastern continent, where, amidst the semblance of change, all things are essentially the same as they were hundreds or thousands of years ago. The force of contrast in itself allure us; and the monotony which, as we study the details, is at times intolerably wearisome, throws over the whole a colouring not devoid of beauty. There is something which arrests our minds in the idea of countries where religious creeds and political institutions, the tone of men's thoughts and the general habits of their lives, present still the same features as in ages long since passed away. Here, however, as is so often the case elsewhere, the view derives no little of its enchantment from the distance which separates us from it. If there is an attraction in the various scenes of Eastern life, from the unchanged character of their cities and their empires, there is something painful in the thought that the most bloody contests and the most tremendous revolutions have done so little to bring the Eastern mind nearer to the true idea of religion, morality, or civil liberty.

Hence, perhaps, Mr. Freeman's volume derives additional interest from the comparative brevity with which the limits allotted to a lecture have compelled him to treat so large a portion of Eastern history. In the lectures before us, on the rise of the Saracens and their conquests, he has furnished us with sketches not only graphic and vivid in the colouring of particular periods and events, but possessing a higher value from the wide and masterly view which he displays of the whole subject. The special contrasts of Eastern and Western society, the laws which regulate their several histories, and the essential distinctions between European and Asiatic polity, Mr. Freeman has portrayed with no less truthfulness than vigour. We are the more anxious to record this opinion of the general merit of his conclusions on the lessons to be taught by Oriental history, because we must in great part dissent from his judgment of the life and character of that remarkable man whom Saracen and Ottoman alike revere as the founder of their faith and the source of their temporal greatness.

On first turning to the subject of these lectures, we may, perhaps, be disposed to wonder whence it is that Eastern history derives its monotony. That it is not owing to the want of frequent and rapid changes, is evident on the most cursory glance at the several periods which Mr. Freeman's volume brings before us. Constantly as the scene shifts from one country to another when we seek to take in the wide compass of Saracen and Turkish conquests, the brief period during which the most momentous changes are effected in the same country is no less astonishing. The mission of St. Augustine to England synchronizes with the time when Mahomet proclaimed his own; and Bede closed his labours in his monastic cell at Jarrow but a brief period before the undivided Caliphate was succeeded by the dynasty of Ommiah. During that interval of only fifty years, the world witnessed the promulgation of a new faith—it beheld the founder of a sect grow up into the head of a powerful and increasing empire—it saw his four immediate comrades, the special objects of Moslem veneration, raised to the Caliphate and laid in their graves. Abubekr—the first to sit in the seat of Mahomet—died on the same day in which Damascus yielded herself to Abu Obeidah, scarce able even thus to avoid the sword of Khaled the

Merciless. In the reign of his successor, Omar, the battles of Kadesia and Nahavend sealed the fate of the last of the Sassanids, and overthrew the empire which had known so strange a revival three hundred years before. The few months of Othman's Caliphate display the efforts of suspicious jealousy and faction to undermine the empire of the Apostle of God, followed by the murder of his Vicegerent; while, five years later, a similar crime left the son of Ali to sign away his religious supremacy to the son of Abu Sofian, the bitterest among the opponents of Mahomet. During the Caliphate of Moawiyah, the first of the Ommiad dynasty, our view takes a wider range, and we see the arms of the Saracens triumphant alike in Spain and in the land which lies between the Oxus and the Jaxartes. Here, in the region whence the Turk was to issue for the overthrow of the Saracen, the Caliph of the Prophet exercised his sway while yet he strove in vain for the greatest prize of Islam, and was driven to purchase peace with gold from the Caesar who sat on the throne of Byzantium. The next forty years witnessed the siege of Constantinople, when Leo the Isaurian averted from Europe a danger infinitely nearer and more terrible than when Charles Martel on the plain of Tours beat back the hordes of Abdalrahman. At their close, the dynasty of Moawiyah fell before that of the Abbassides, to revive under another Abdalrahman a little later in Spain.

But the palmy days of Islam had long since passed away. The idea of the Caliphate—of a supremacy essentially spiritual and only secondarily temporal—was lost when Hassan the son of Ali bartered his religious authority for personal safety to the cruel and treacherous Moawiyah; and with this compact the spell seemed to have been broken which had imparted a superhuman power to the first burst of Moslem energy. The indomitable vehemence which had made the arms of Khaled and Othman irresistible, and the religious enthusiasm which had crushed the most stubborn resistance of the veterans of Khosru and Heraclius, had been succeeded by a mere lust of power, over which a stern spiritual zeal threw no sanctifying lustre. And as the Caliphate had now sunk to the level of an ordinary Oriental empire, so it exhibits henceforth the ordinary phases of Eastern history. Two or three vigorous princes to carry the fortunes of a particular dynasty to their utmost height of splendour—two or three more to dissipate, by political incapacity and profligacy, the power which they had inherited—and then a humiliating fall, which derived no dignity from the personal bearing of the conquered monarch—such, from this point, becomes the general course of Mahometan empires, with the one exception of the splendid dynasty of the Ottomans, which has furnished a longer succession of vigorous sovereigns than any other monarchy, Eastern or Western. Still it was the original idea of the Caliphate which shaped the destinies of these several dynasties. The authority which the Commander of the Faithful possessed, he professed to wield as the Vicegerent of the Prophet. Hence, although a gorgeous and voluptuous luxury had swallowed up the stern virtues of Omar and Abubekr, it was to this title that their nominal successors continued to cling as the palladium of their power, though it proved the most useful tool of successive usurpers for the overthrow of their authority. Powerful Emirs, who ruled in the name of the professing successor of Mahomet, became in reality independent princes; and the Caliphs, helpless in the hands of their domineering subordinates, were driven to surround their thrones by bands of foreign slaves and mercenaries. These men, belonging to a race at once younger and more vigorous, became in their turn the oppressors of their masters; and, like the Praetorians of old Rome, changed at will the head of the Moslem world, with the one difference, that they confined their selection to the reigning family.

To this same theocratic character of the Caliphate were owing the constant rebellions which shattered the power of the Moslem dynasties. As the Caliph professed to rule by virtue of the religious authority which he inherited from the Prophet, none could impugn his temporal sway unless they at the same time called in question his spiritual title. Hence, every new sect, by the very necessity of its position, was driven into rebellion, and had to be put down by force of arms. Hence also, the leaders of such sects, if successful, were driven to assume the spiritual prerogatives of the ruler whom they had resisted; and thus, with a frequency which throws the succession of anti-popes into the shade, the world saw the Moslem rulers of Bagdad, Cairo, and Cordova, each claiming to be the sole representative of the Apostle of God, and challenging the submission of the whole body of believers.

It was thus that the unfortunate descendants of Haroun—the contemporary of Charlemagne, but more familiar to modern readers as the favourite hero of Arabian legend—sought to deliver themselves from the tyranny of the Turkish guards whom Catebah had originally brought from his conquests in Transoxiana, by an appeal to the Dilemites, a dynasty which in the tenth century sprung up in a large portion of ancient Persia. One of their princes was invited to protect the successor of Mahomet, under the title of Emir-al-Omra, or Prince of Princes. The disputes of his successors for this title were prolonged through more than a century, until, in 1055, the reigning Caliph, Al-Kayem, was put aside by one of them in favour of the Egyptian Fatimite, who claimed to rule as the strict hereditary successor of Ali. But Al-Kayem, appealing to a

\* *The History and Conquests of the Saracens.* Six Lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford: J. H. and J. Parker. 1856.

more formidable arbitrator than a Dilemite prince, summoned to his aid Togrul Beg, the third of the Seljukian or second Turkish dynasty which has ruled in Persia—the Ghaznevide being the first. Of these Seljuks, Togrul Beg, Alp Arslan, and Malek Shah, in succession, raised their power to its greatest height—after which, following the ordinary course of subdivision, their dynasty fell before that of the Chorasmians.

The history of Persia, the largest and most rapid of the conquests of the Saracens, presents throughout a peculiar character. Overthrown in only three battles, the subjects of Yezdegard changed at once their allegiance and their religion; but the facility with which they adopted the faith of the conqueror was in no way equalled by their orthodoxy in maintaining it. The native obstinacy of Persia, while it submitted to the creed of Mahomet, seemed bent on compensating itself by holding it in its own way. Among other sects, that of Ali, or the Shiabs, acquired a preponderating influence, and became in fact the expression of Persian nationality. The same feeling displayed itself in the legend that Sabektekin, the first of the Ghaznevids, was the lineal descendant of the last of the Sassanide. But Persia was destined to fall under the sway of other than Mahometan conquerors. In the earlier portion of the thirteenth century, she received a permanent dynasty from the Mongol Jenghiz Khan, the lord of almost all Asia, and the terror of almost all Europe; and again, one hundred and forty years later, she suffered under the devastations of his ferocious descendant Timour. Yet this terrible scourge left behind effects only transitory; and Mahometanism, after no long period, supplanted the philosophic deism of the Mogul. The change had, indeed, been really effected when, about midway between the career of Jenghiz and of Timour, Ghazan Khan professed the faith of the Koran. But a dynasty more exclusively Moslem obtained possession in 1505 of the throne of Persia, in the person of Shah Ishmael the Saffascan—so named from his ancestor Sheikh Safi, who seems to have flourished in the days of Timour. Shah Ishmael was a Moslem of the Shiab sect, which united in one body the Turks and the Persians; and, as reigning merely by virtue of his office as the lieutenant of the deified Ali, he possessed a plenitude of despotic power which the Caliphs of Damascus and Bagdad could never have hoped to grasp. No military or ecclesiastical check, no interpretations of judges or pontiffs, interposed between the Shah of Persia and his behests, however arbitrary they might be. In 1772, Persia fell under the dominion of Afghan princes, but was delivered from them fourteen years later by Nadir Shah, the detestable devastator of Delhi, who professed himself an orthodox Sonnite.

Six hundred years before this time, the Mogul Baber established in Hindostan at once the most magnificent and the most equitable of all Moslem dynasties. Yet even here the strange destiny of Eastern empires shows itself in full force. Two reigns—those of Baber and his son Humayun—bring us to the days of the immortal Akbar, than whom no prince has perhaps more deserved to be called the righteous ruler of his country. In him the power of the Great Mogul reached its culminating point. Shahjehan, who as a civil ruler equalled Akbar, followed the tyrant Jchanghir, and left to his son, Aurengzebe, the invidious task of overthrowing all the reforms of Akbar.

We here close our brief sketch of this period of Eastern history. But the name of Akbar, whose moral greatness receives full and most merited tribute from Mr. Freeman, carries us at once to the conclusions forced on us by a general survey of Mahometan polity. The character of this great ruler stands out in sufficient contrast with that of the man to whom that polity owes its origin; and we cannot but wonder that Mr. Freeman's judgment of the former should coexist with what seems to us an altogether exaggerated estimate of the founder of Islamism. His inferences from the sway of Akbar are stated in the following passage:—

The history of the Mogul Emperors shows to my mind most plainly the essential intolerance of the Mahometan religion. Only one Mahometan prince ever gave full and perfect religious equality to all his people. By a logical consequence, he deserted the religion against whose precepts his noblest acts were so many sins. Here and there a king like Abbas had laboured to secure his infidel subjects from actual personal oppression; but Akbar stands alone in thoroughly relieving them from every mark of degradation or inferiority. Among all the benefactors of their species, few can claim a more honourable place than this most illustrious emperor. In his own age he stood alone, not only in Islam, but in the whole world; Catholic and Protestant Christendom might both have gone and sat at his feet. A mighty genius and a nobler heart can hardly be conceived than that of the Mahometan despot who ordained universal toleration. But the more glory we yield to Akbar, the more shame we cast upon the Mahometan religion. His tolerance proves its intolerance. There are those in our own day who assuredly need the lesson, that a Mahometan government, to become really tolerant, must cease to be Mahometan.

With this conclusion, his judgment on the apostle of this intolerant religion seems to furnish a strange contrast:—

Let us believe (he says) that Mahomet was fully convinced by his own mission, that, in the name of God, and in the character of his apostle, he wrought a great, though imperfect, reform in his own country. I will go even further; I cannot conceal my conviction that in a certain sense his belief in his own mission was well founded. Surely a good and sincere man, full of confidence in his Creator, who works an immense reform both in faith and practice, is truly a direct instrument in the hands of God, and may be said to have a commission from Him. Why may we not recognize Mahomet no less than other faithful, though imperfect, servants of God, as truly a servant of God, serving Him faithfully, though imperfectly?

The fallacy which, underlying all this, leads the author necessarily to exaggerate the fair side of Mahomet's character, betrays itself in the following passage:—

After all, comes the great question, Was the man who effected in his own day so great a reform, an impostor? Was his whole career one of sheer hypocrisy? Was his Divine mission a mere invention of his own, of whose falsehood he was conscious throughout? Such was the notion of the elder controversialists, like Prideaux; but to an unprejudiced observer, it carries its confutation on the face of it. Surely nothing but the consciousness of really righteous intentions could have carried Mahomet so steadily and consistently, without ever flinching or wavering, without ever betraying himself to his most intimate companions, from his first revelation to Khadijah to his last agony in the arms of Ayesh. If the whole was imposture, it was an imposture utterly without parallel, from its extraordinary subtlety, and the wonderful long-sightedness and constancy which one must attribute to its author."

This unqualified praise, we must observe, is prompted by no sentimental sympathy for the corrupt and degenerate Ottoman. To use his own words, far from admiring Mahomet from any love for the Turks, he cannot bring himself to love the Turks because he admires Mahomet. We of course admit that truth is truth, by whomsoever it may be spoken; but from this follows the important corollary, that the utterance of truth does not of necessity free a man from the charge of imposture. Balaam, the diviner, was, *qua* diviner, an impostor; yet when he gave his well-known description of the nature of true religion, he was assuredly convinced of the truth of his words, and elevated by the consciousness of a direct mission from God to enforce that truth on the heart of a king steeped in superstition and iniquity. We are not driven, therefore, to the assertion that the whole life of Mahomet was a lie, and his whole mission an imposture; but there is an end of all accurate discrimination of character, if we are to withhold from a man the title of an impostor or deceiver because he does some things which are right, and says some things which are true. In the case of Mahomet, it becomes especially difficult to pronounce a judgment, from the way in which truth and legend are mingled up in his history. Thus, of his miracles, it is said that they are all subsequent fabrications, and that he laid no claim to miraculous power. Of the Koran, we are told that we cannot decide what portions were or not composed by Mahomet; and therefore, on any given charge, it is easy to allege this uncertainty either by way of extenuation or acquittal. We can but argue from facts generally admitted, and from records generally attributed to him; and from these we are led to conceive of him as a man who, in his early years, led a strict and honest life, with a keen and deep conviction of the truth of the Divine unity, but, at the same time, the feeblest practical faith. Through his whole life, in spite of grandiloquent asseverations of the righteousness of God, there is no sign of any belief that that righteousness would be triumphant without the intervention of a human arm. "Sit still, and thou shalt see the salvation of God," was the very foundation and essence of the faith of the Hebrew prophet; but to this conviction Mahomet never rose. Hence, his apparent meekness and forbearance vanished, like frost before the sun, on the first accession of the smallest temporal power, and an instant appeal to the sword betrayed a spirit which had never been touched by real charity. Hence the man who is said to have numbered among his first converts a translator of portions of the Gospel into Arabic, and who embodied many of the precepts of that Gospel in his own teaching, consecrated the doctrine of retaliation. We can hardly permit Mr. Freeman to "compare Mahomet with his own degenerate followers—with Timour at Isphahan, with Nadir at Delhi, with the wretches who, in our own times, have desolated Chios, and Cyprus, and Cassandra." The righteous teacher, conscious through life of a Divine mission, challenges a comparison with something above the greatest monsters who have scourged and devastated the world. Mr. Freeman places Mahomet on the same level with Isaiah or Ezekiel; but it seems an insult to those holy men to name them with the man who, asserting that different prophets had been sent by God to illustrate his different attributes, declared that he, the last of the prophets, was sent with the sword. The self-called apostle who pronounced the sword to be the key of heaven and hell, stands out in humiliating contrast with another Apostle of the Gentile world, who bade his disciples beware never to render evil for evil unto any man. To take a far lower ground, he sinks ineffectually below Mr. Freeman's truer hero—the upright and equitable Akbar.

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